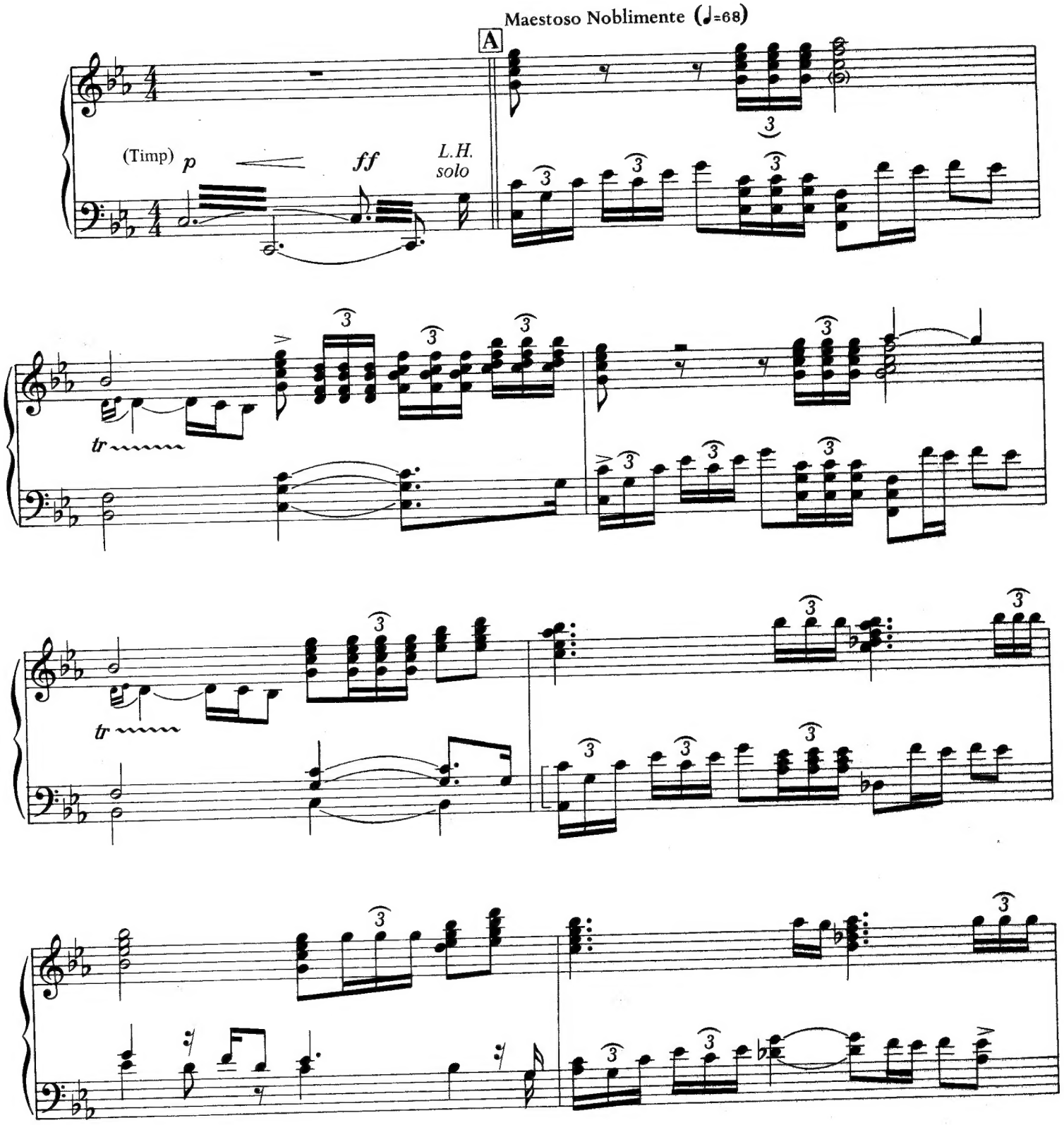
# ARTHUR

RICK WAKEMAN

(NARRATION)

Whoso pulleth out this sword from this stone and anvil is the true born King of all Britain. . . . .

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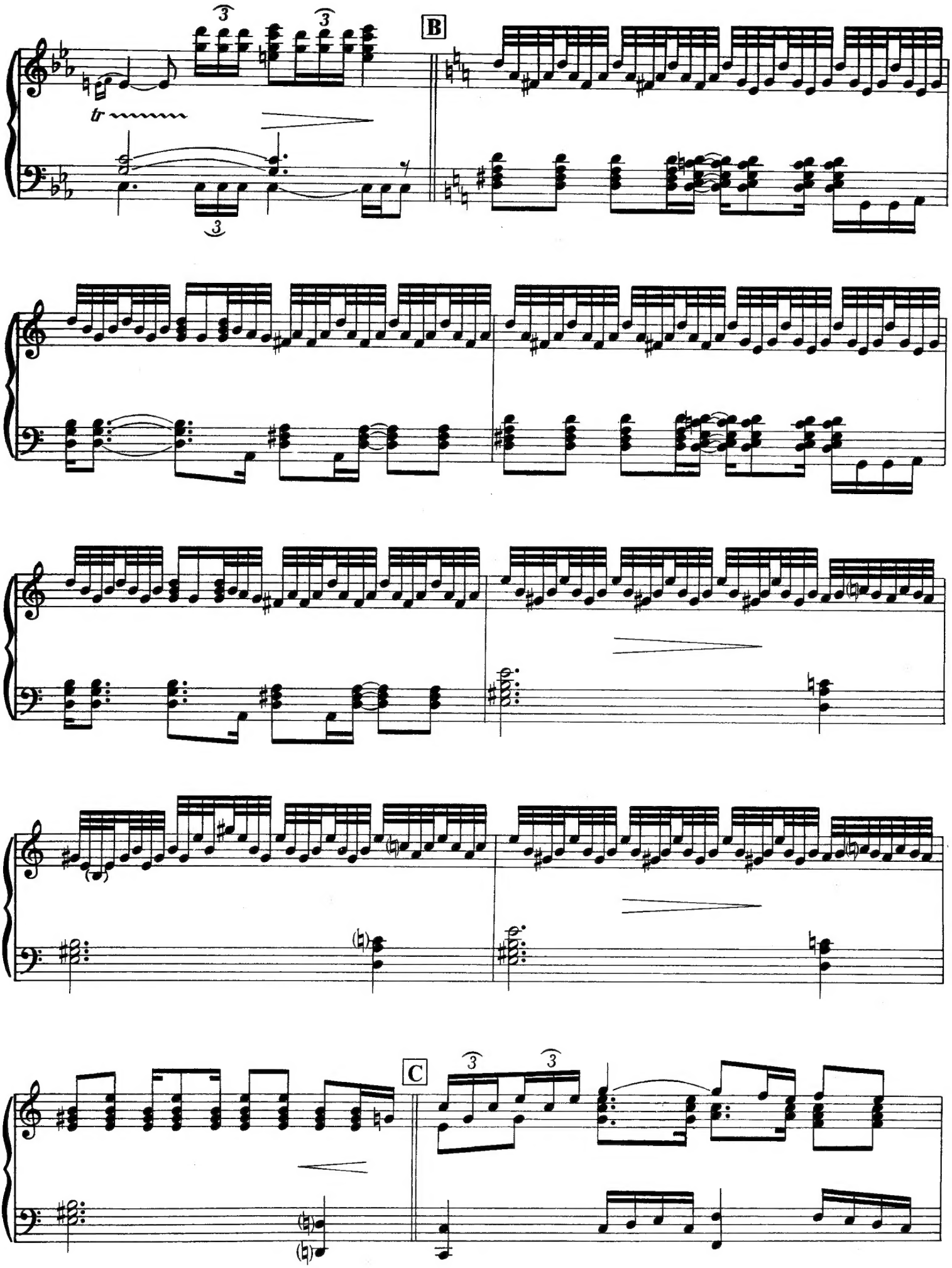
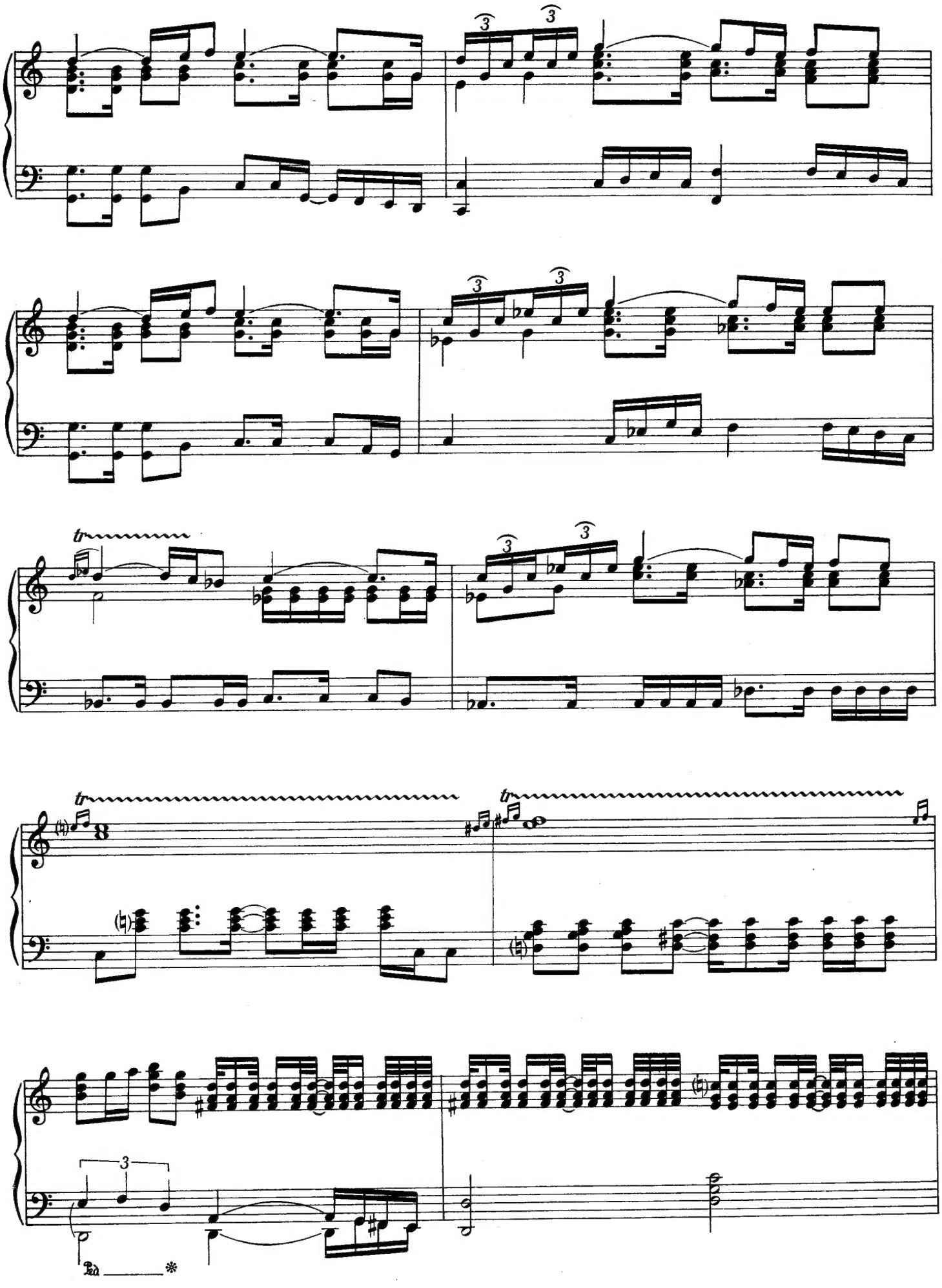
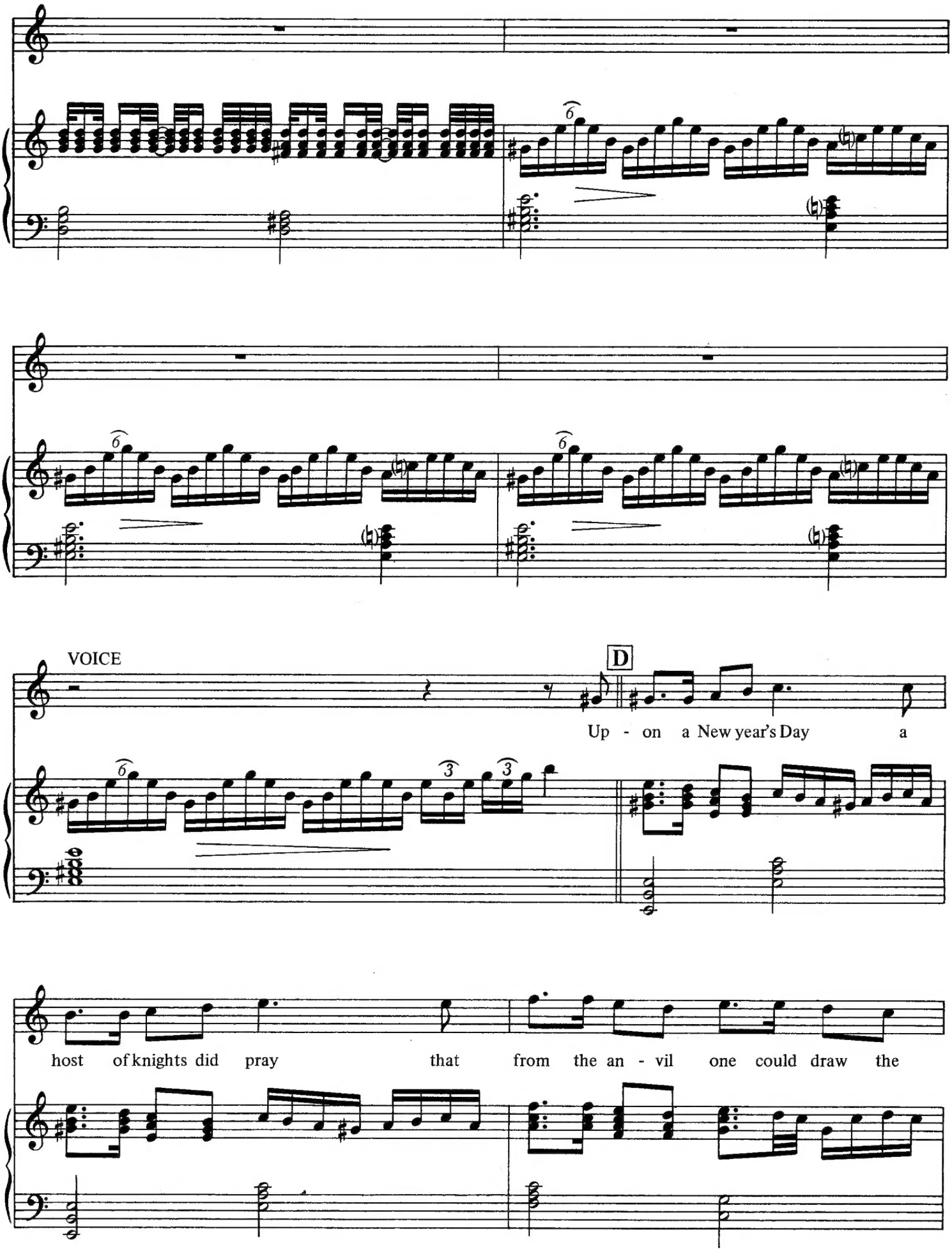
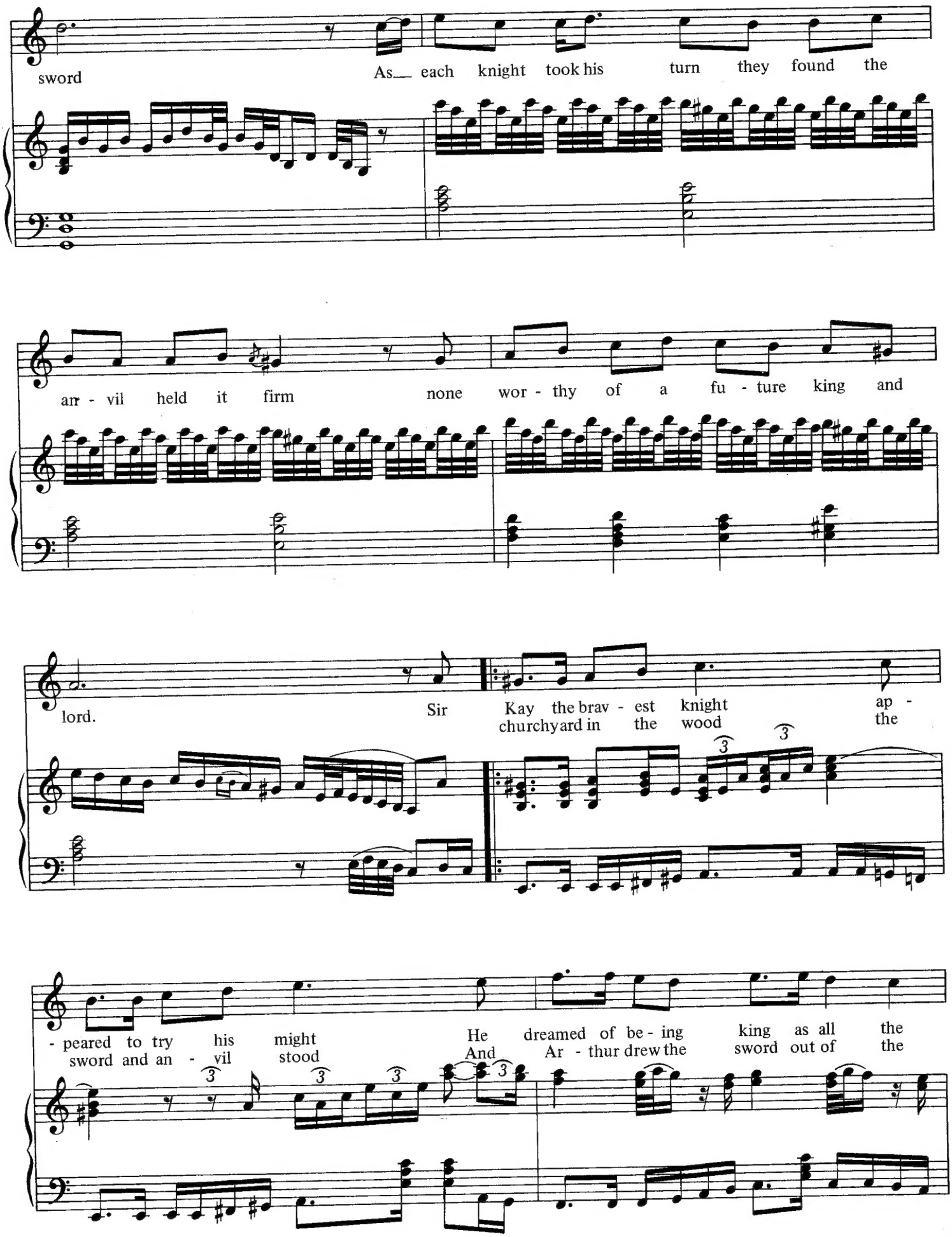
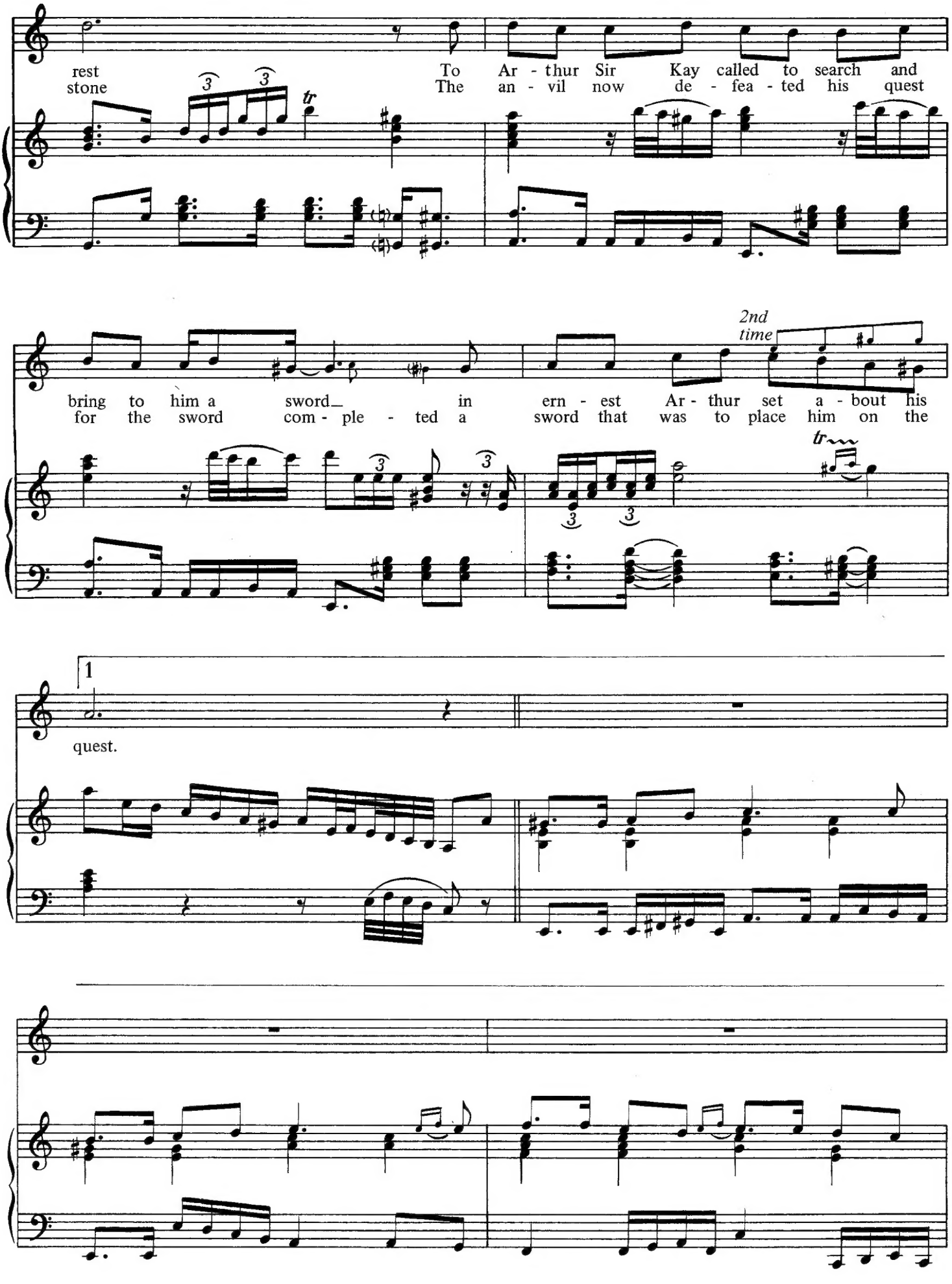
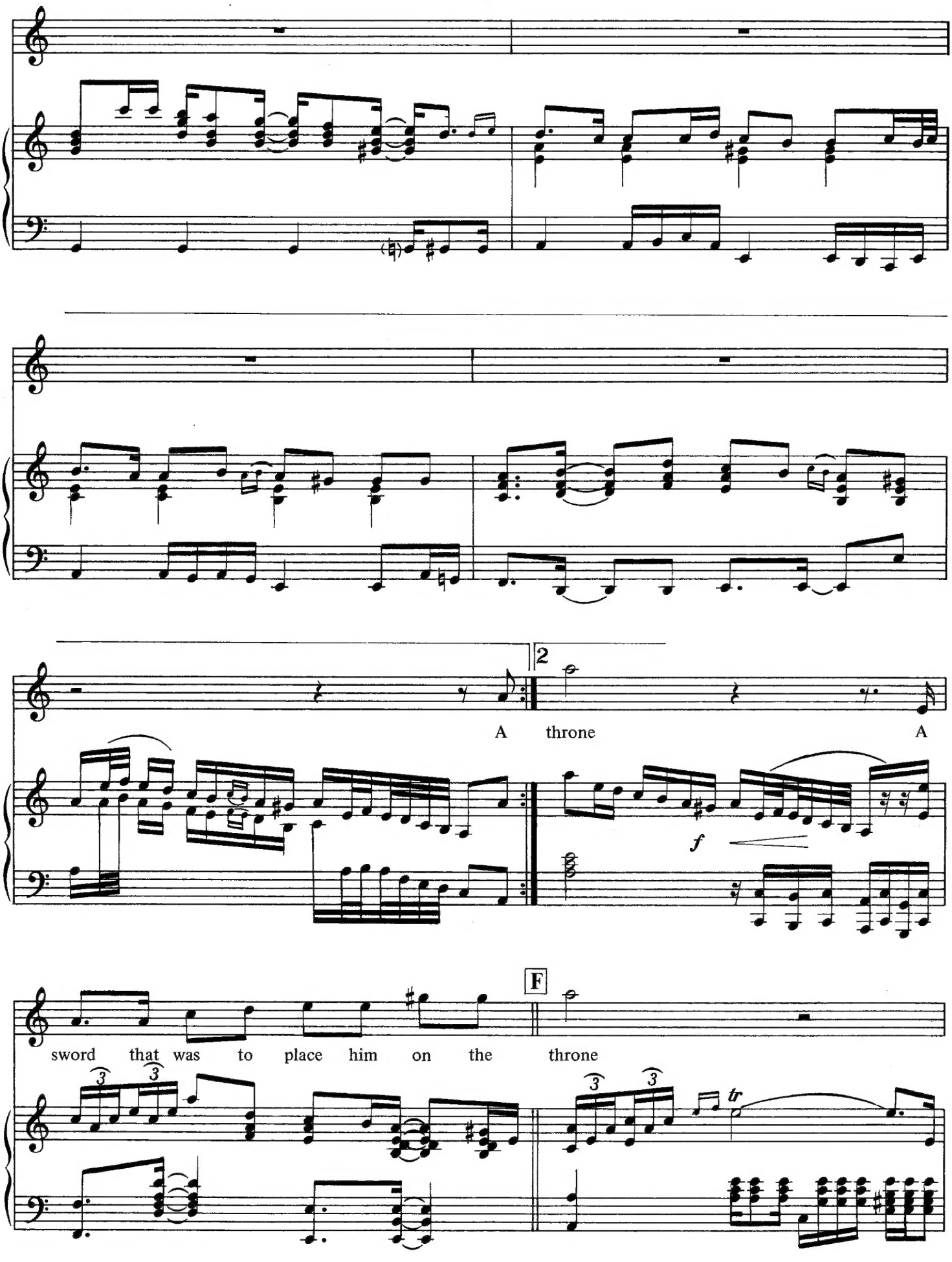

B
tr
C

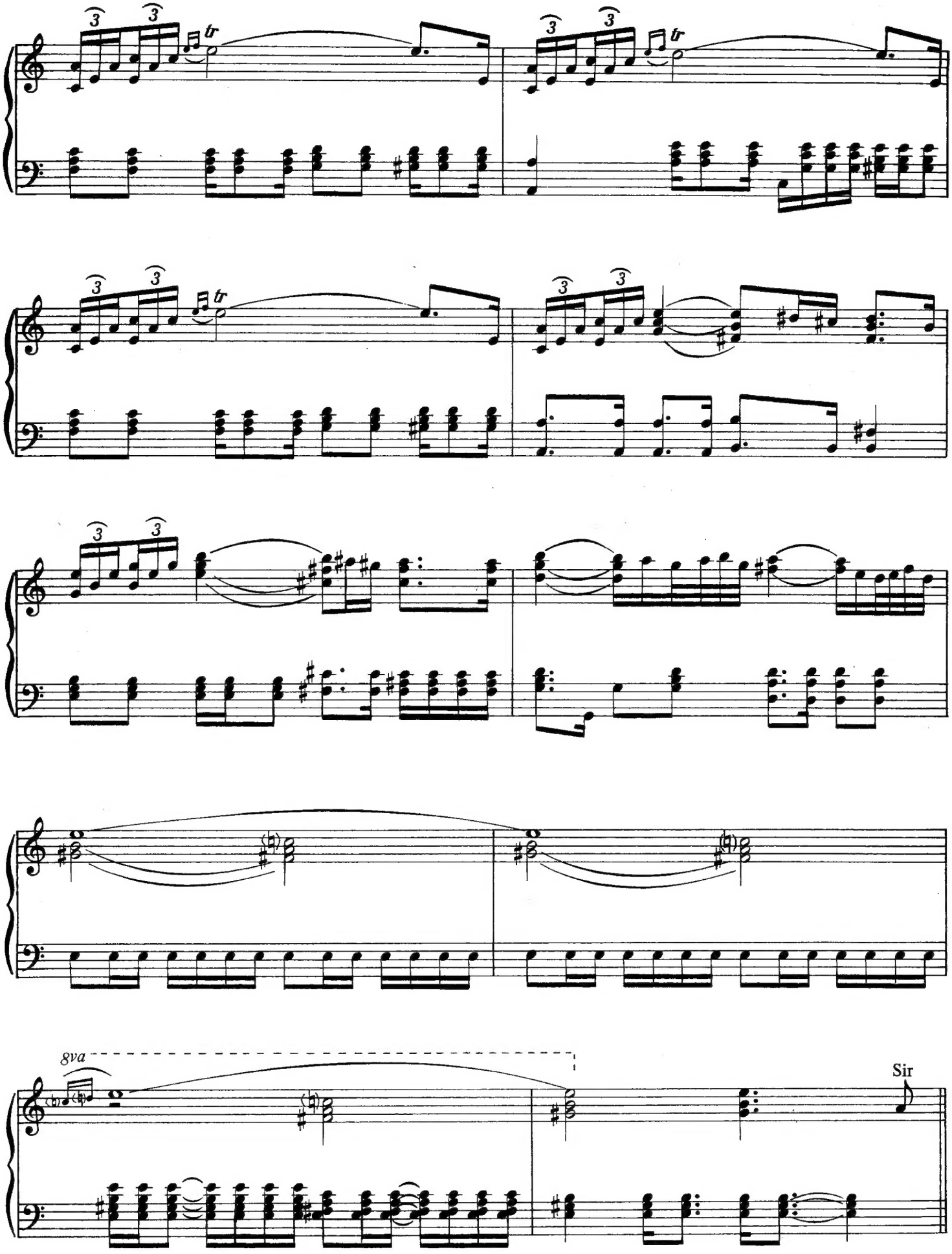


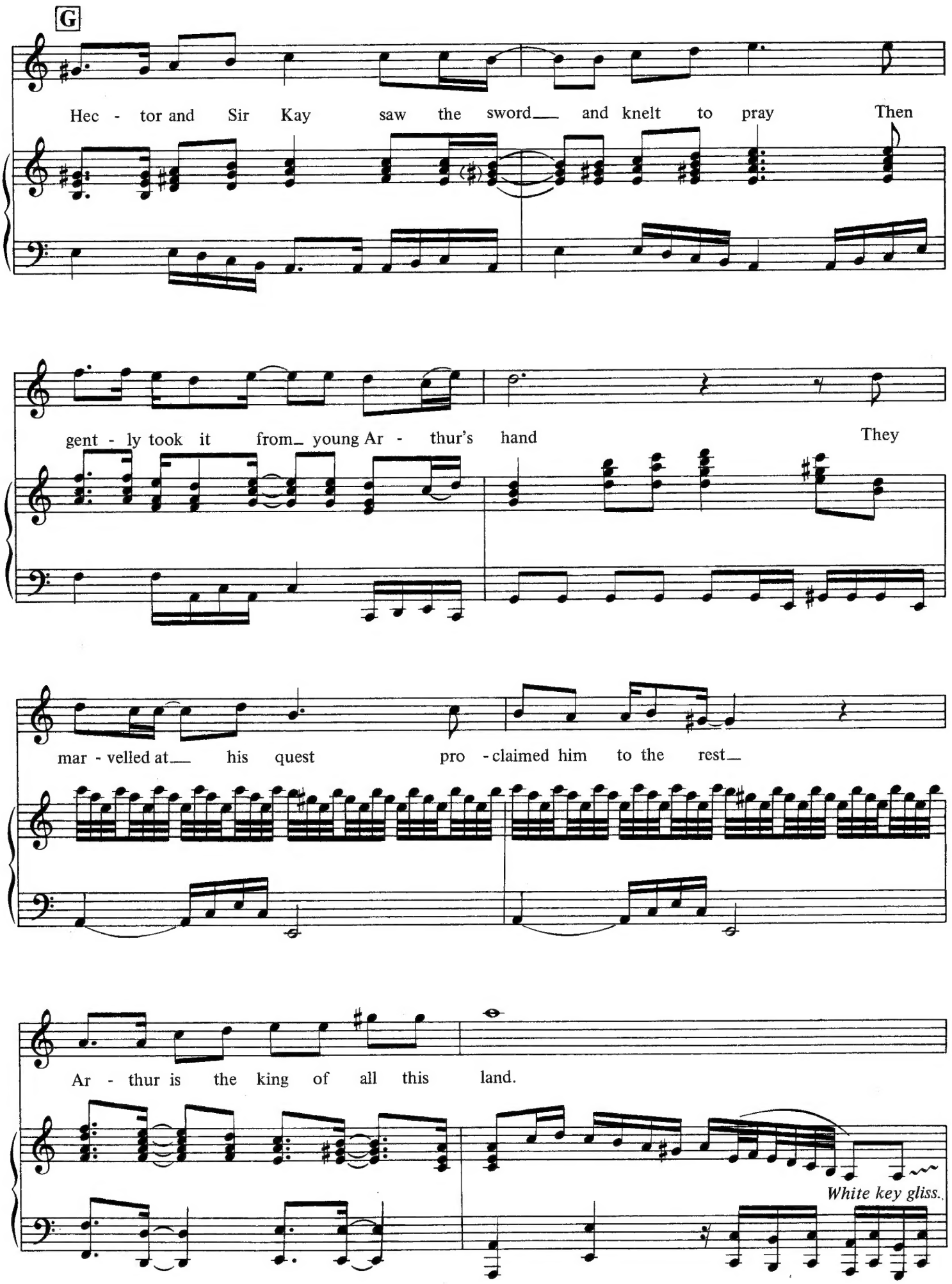

VOICE
D
Up - on a New year's Day a
host of knights did pray that from the an - vil one could draw the

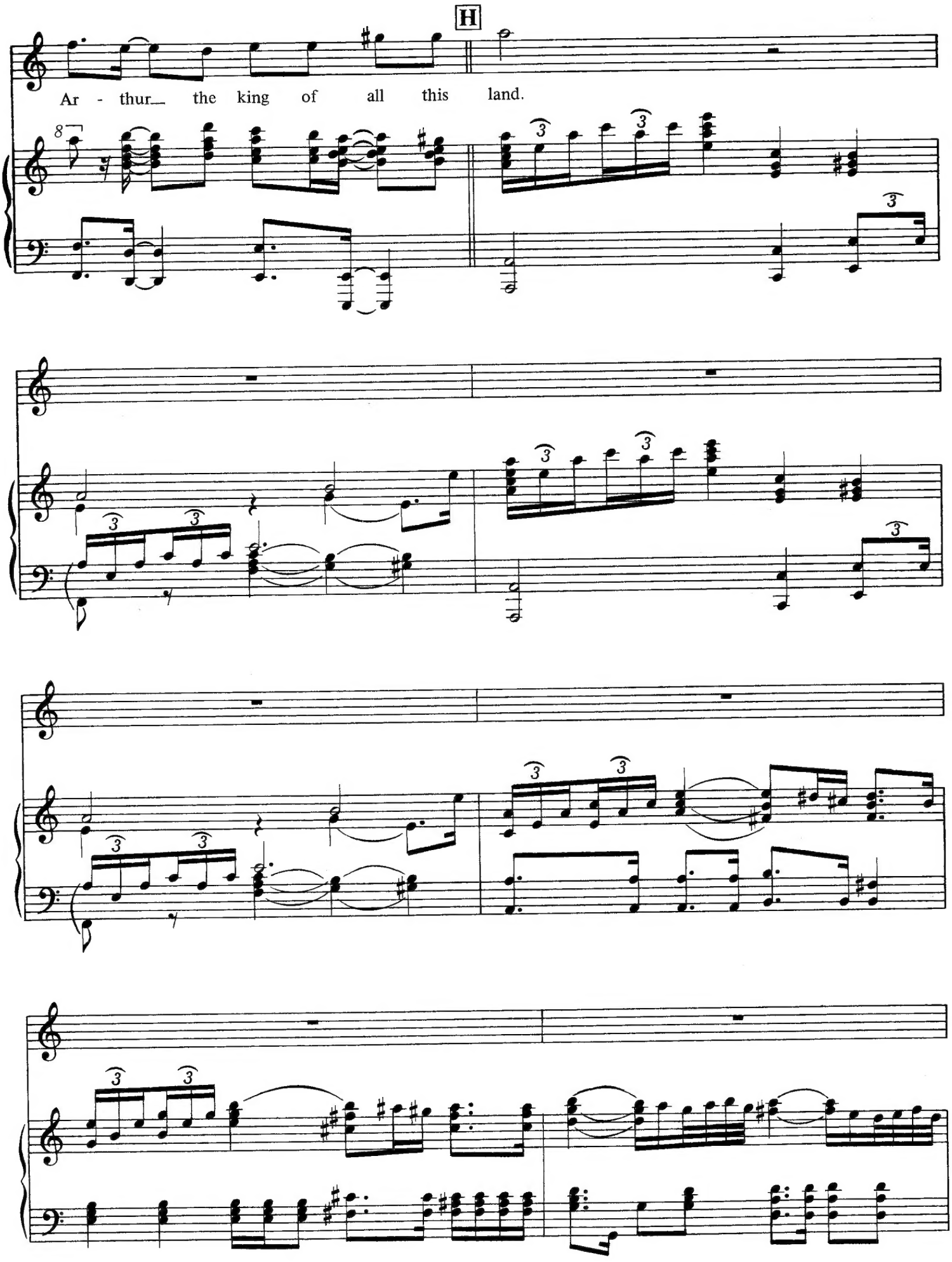

sword
As_ each knight took his turn they found the
an - vil held it firm none wor - thy of a fu - ture king and
lord.
Sir Kay the brav - est knight ap -
churchyard in the wood the
- peared to try his might
sword and an - vil stood
He dreamed of be - ing king as all the
And Ar - thur drew the sword out of the

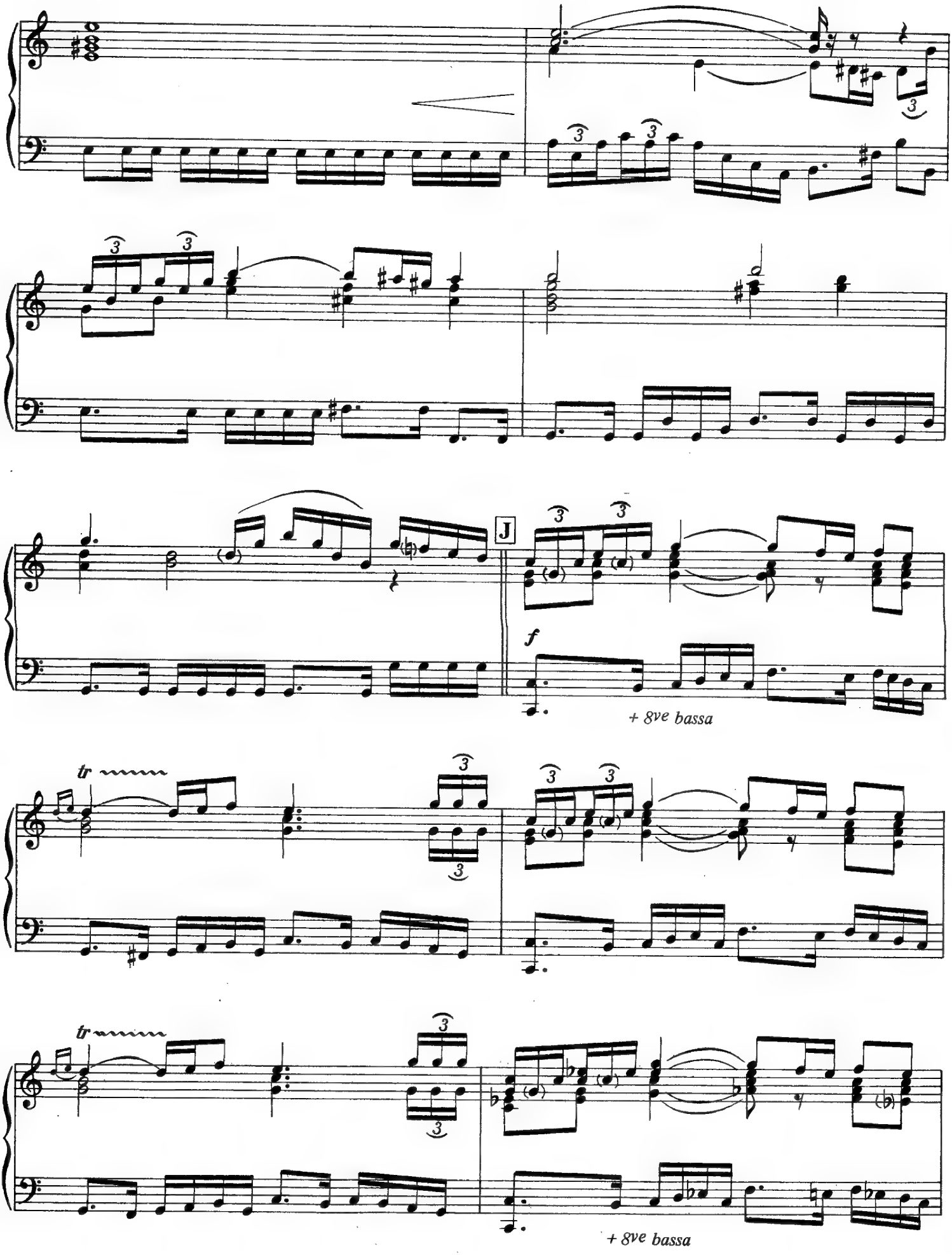

rest
stone
To
The
Ar - thur Sir Kay called to search and
an - vil now de - fea - ted his quest
bring to him a sword in
for the sword com - ple - ted a
ern - est Ar - thur set a - bout his
sword that was to place him on the
2nd time
1
quest.

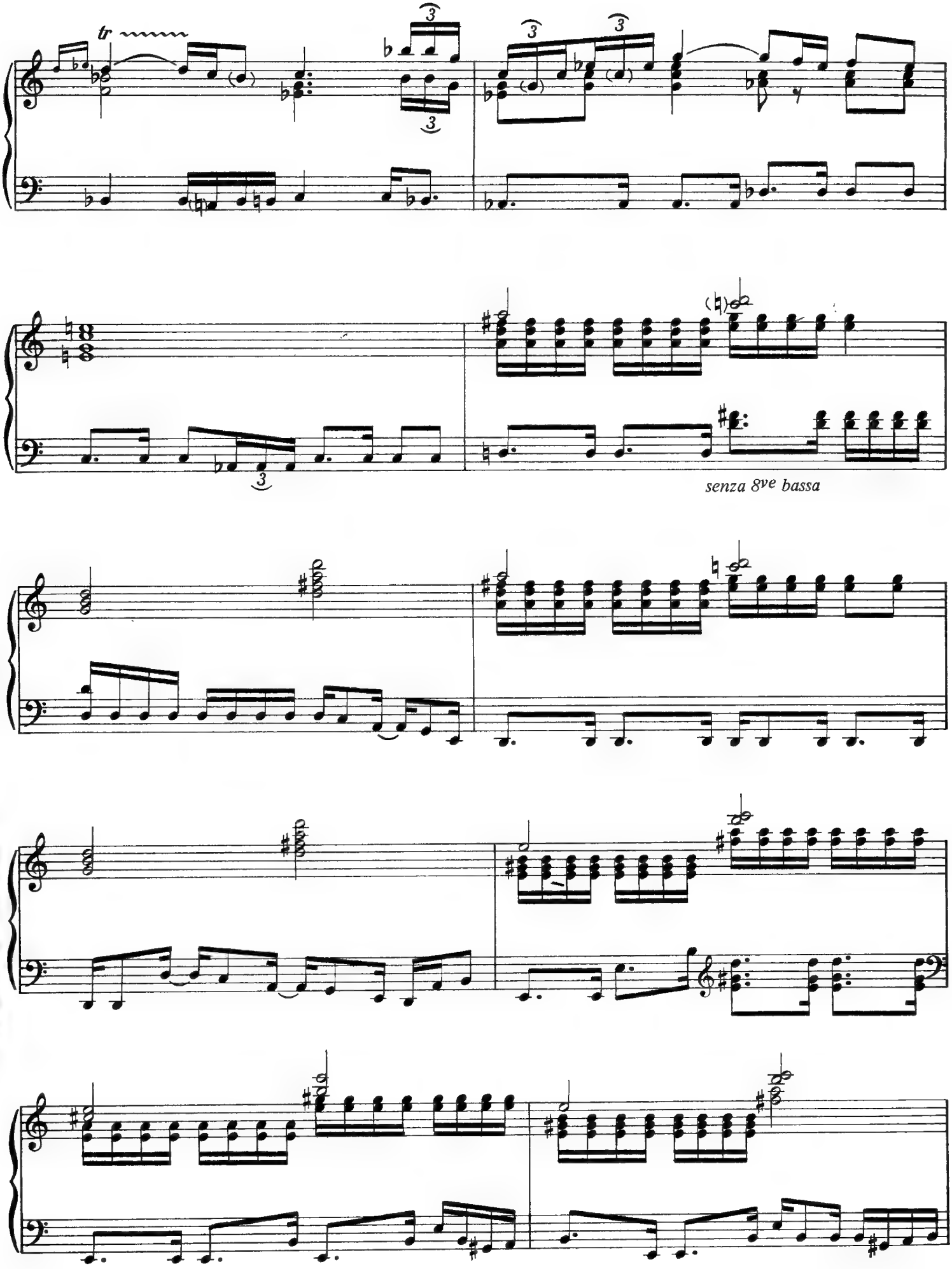

2
A throne A
f
F
sword that was to place him on the throne
tr

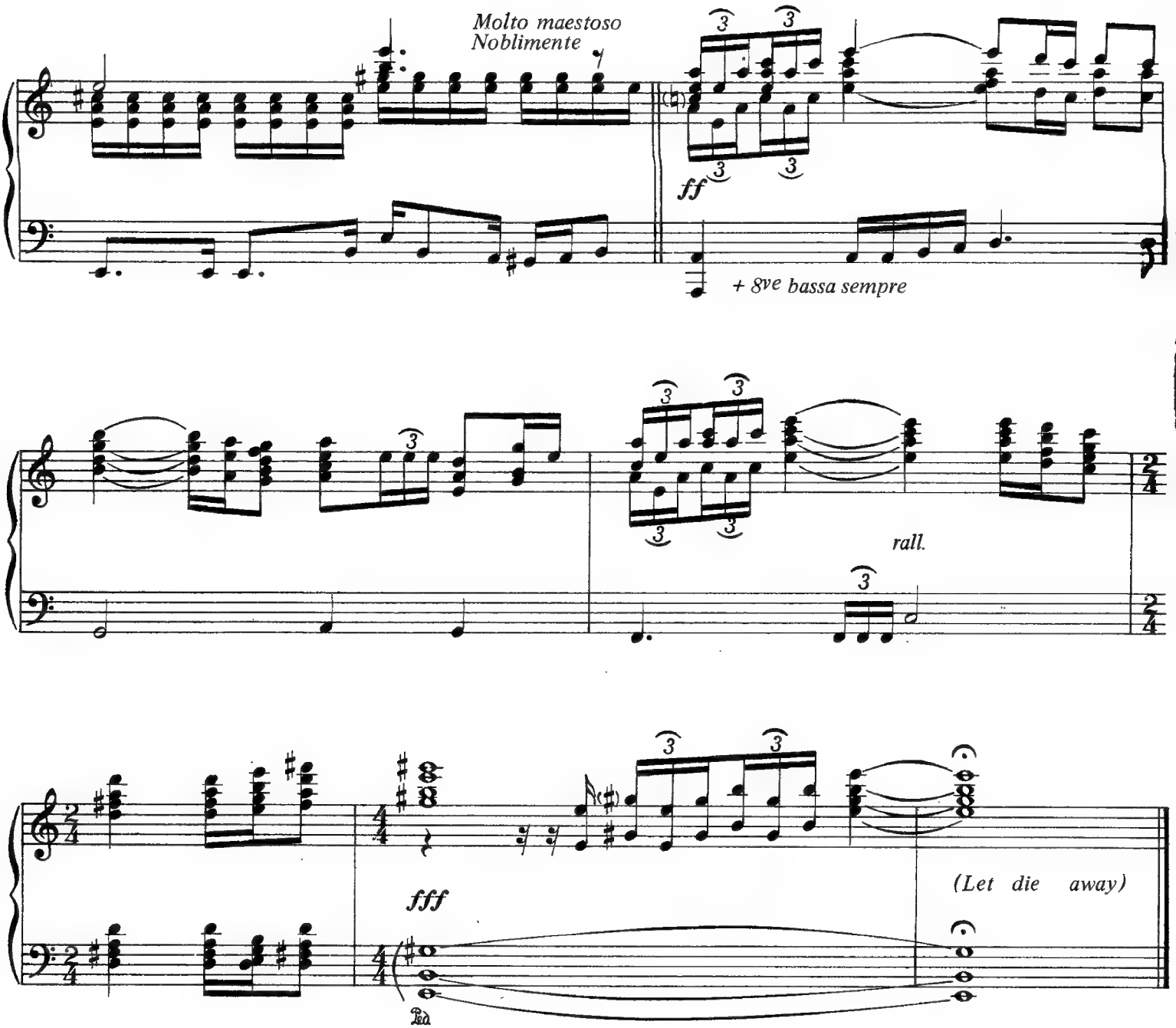

8va
Sir


G
Hec - tor and Sir Kay saw the sword and knelt to pray Then
gent - ly took it from young Ar - thur's hand They
mar - velled at his quest pro - claimed him to the rest
Ar - thur is the king of all this land.
White key gliss.

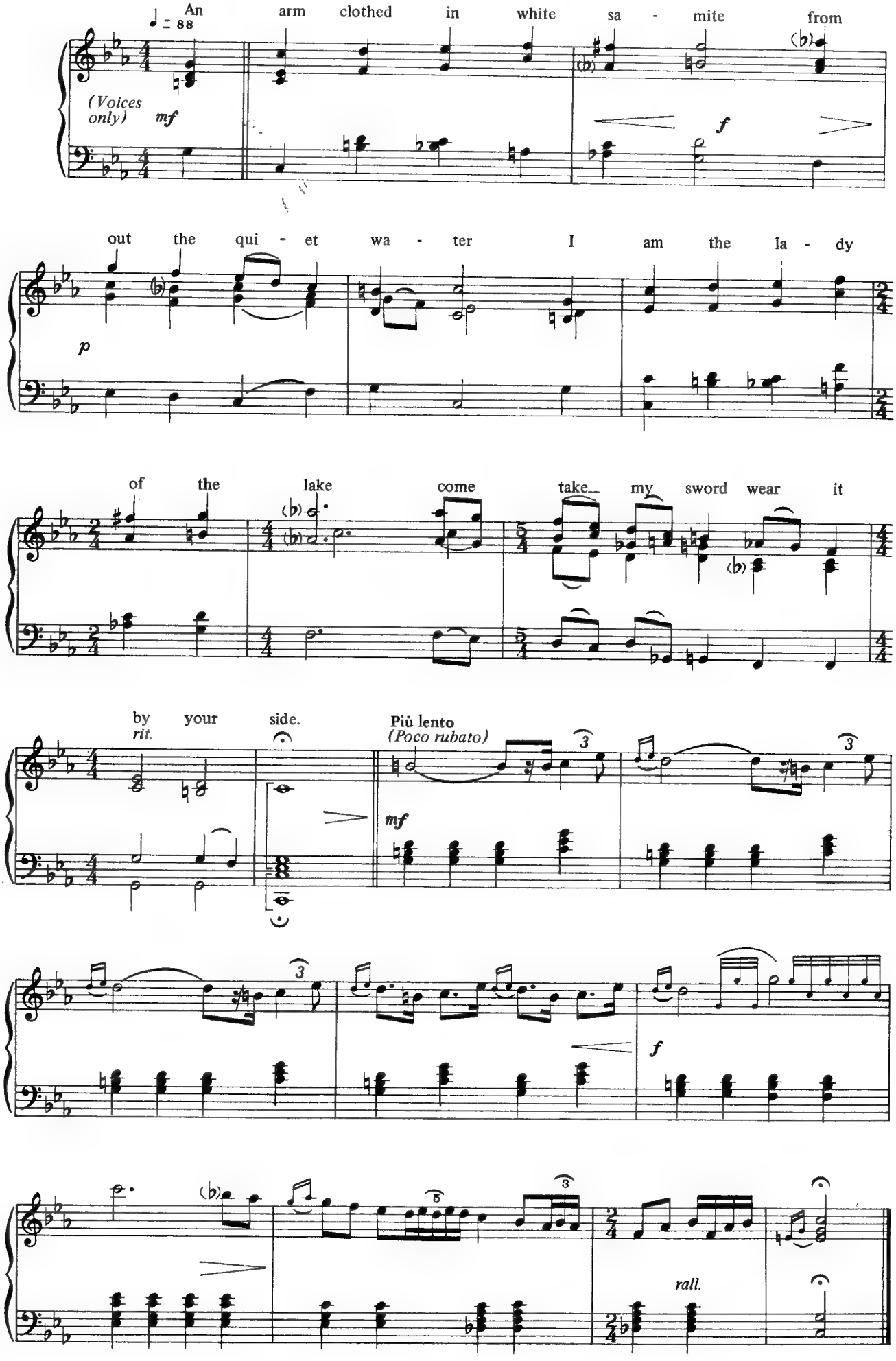

H
Ar - thur the king of all this land.


J
f
+ 8ve bassa
tr
tr
+ 8ve bassa


tr
senza 8ve bassa


Molto maestoso
Noblimente
ff
+ 8ve bassa sempre
rall.
fff
(Let die away)

# LADY OF THE LAKE

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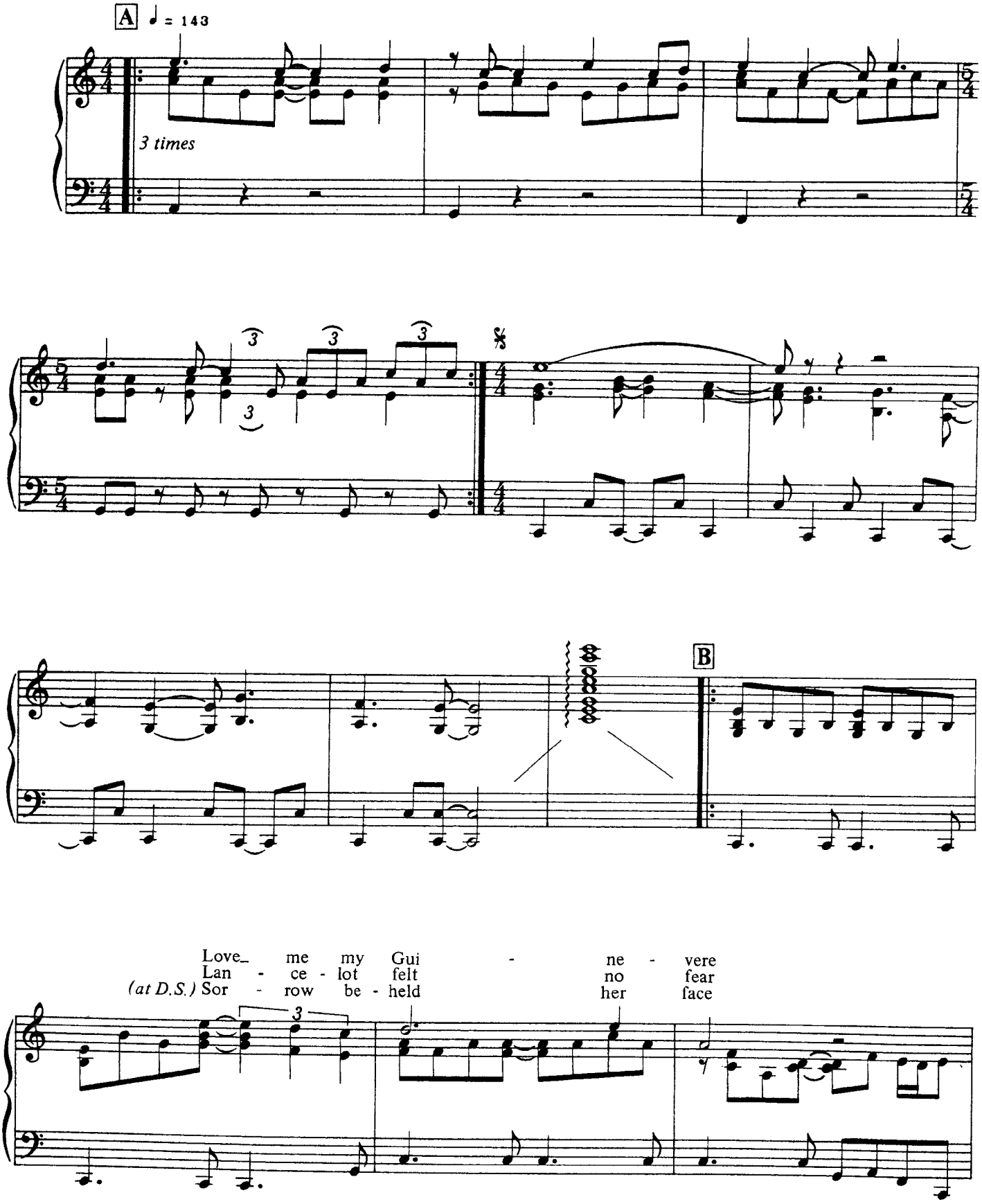
# GUINEVERE

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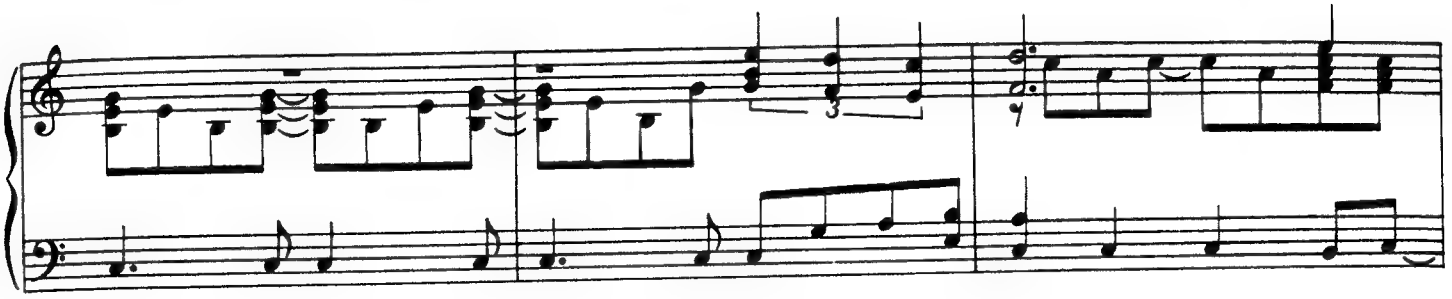
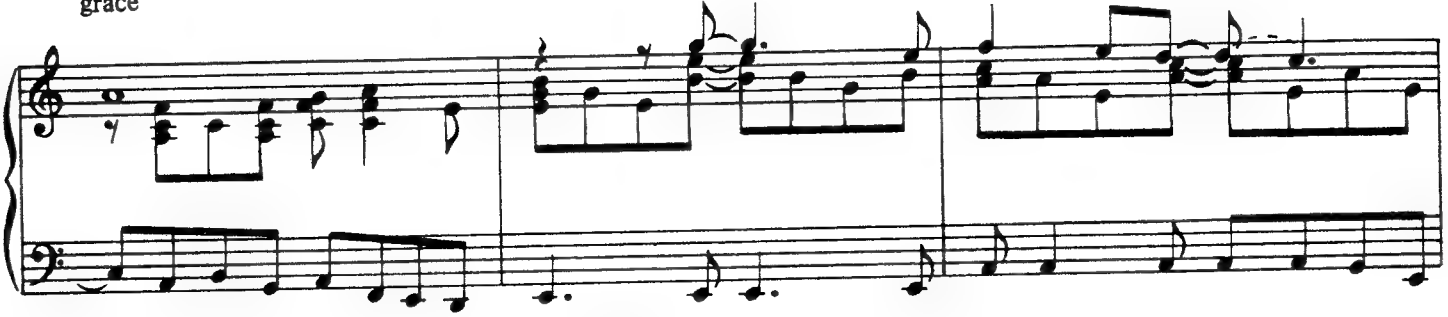
In my court, please be
Loves his Kings Gui - ne -
False love sup - ply - ing

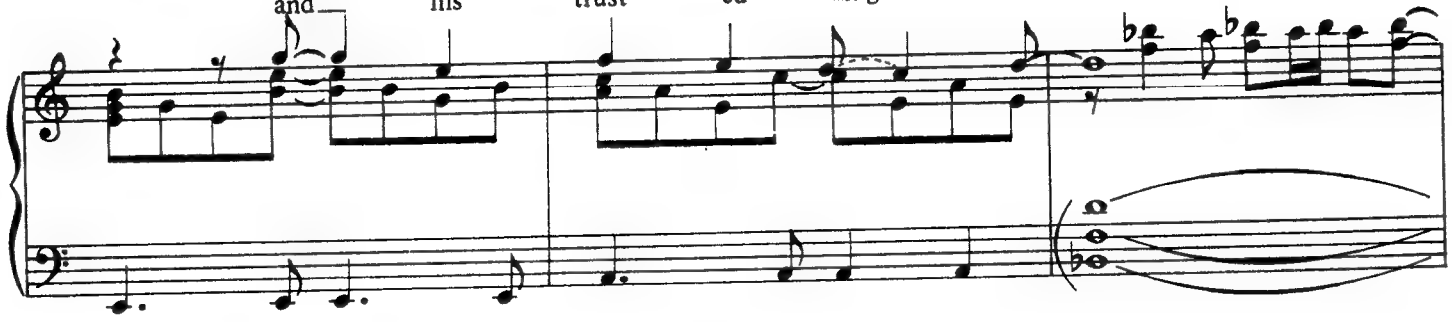


near
vere
grace

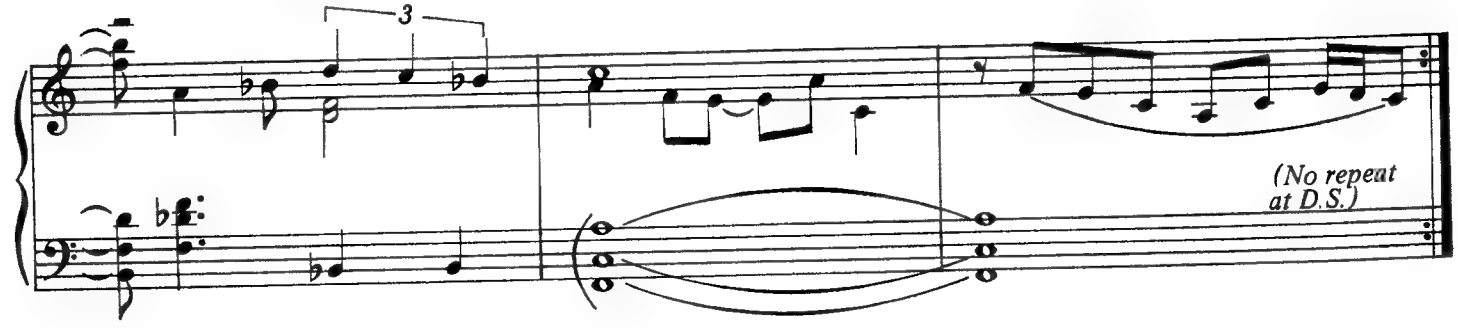
While our realm is dy - ing
All— his love he gave— her
Know - ing Ar - thur's fights



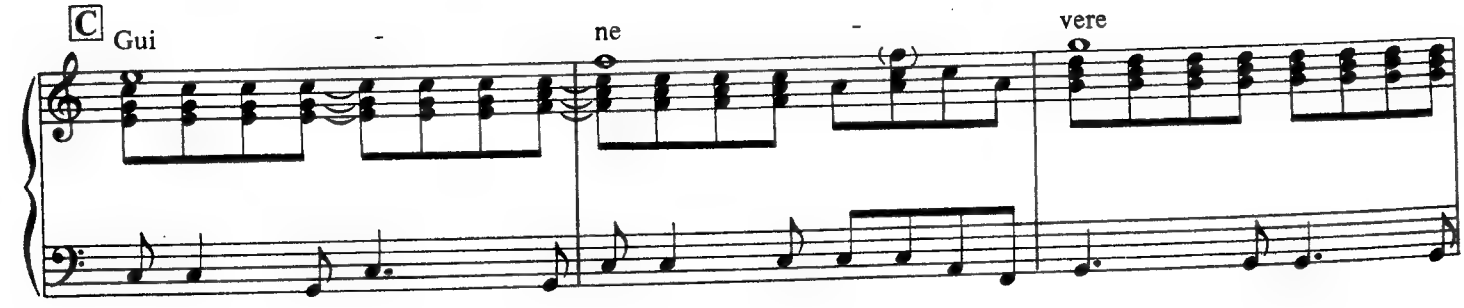
and— brave knights are cry - ing stay—
fought through quests to save her love—
and— his trust - ed knights meant—

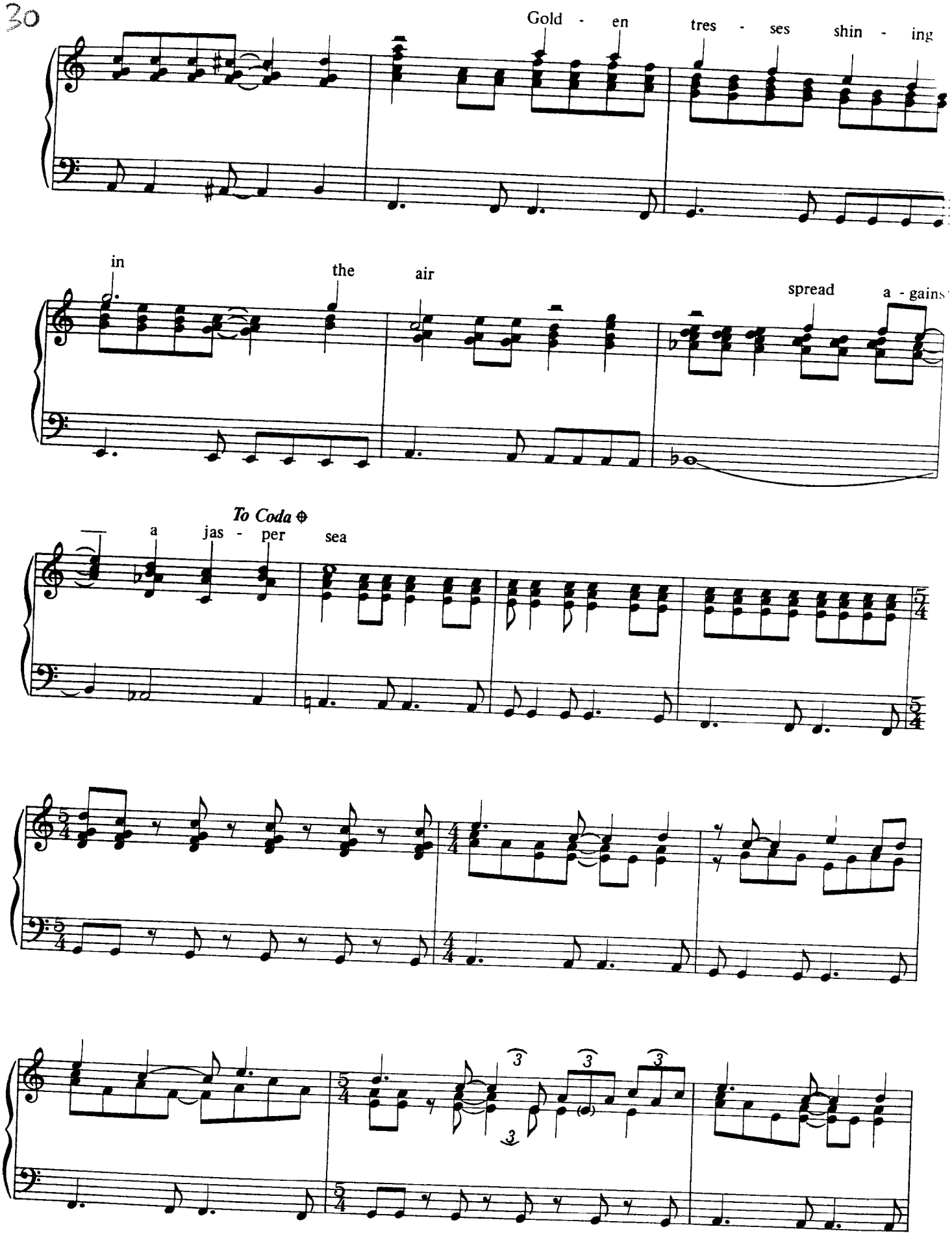


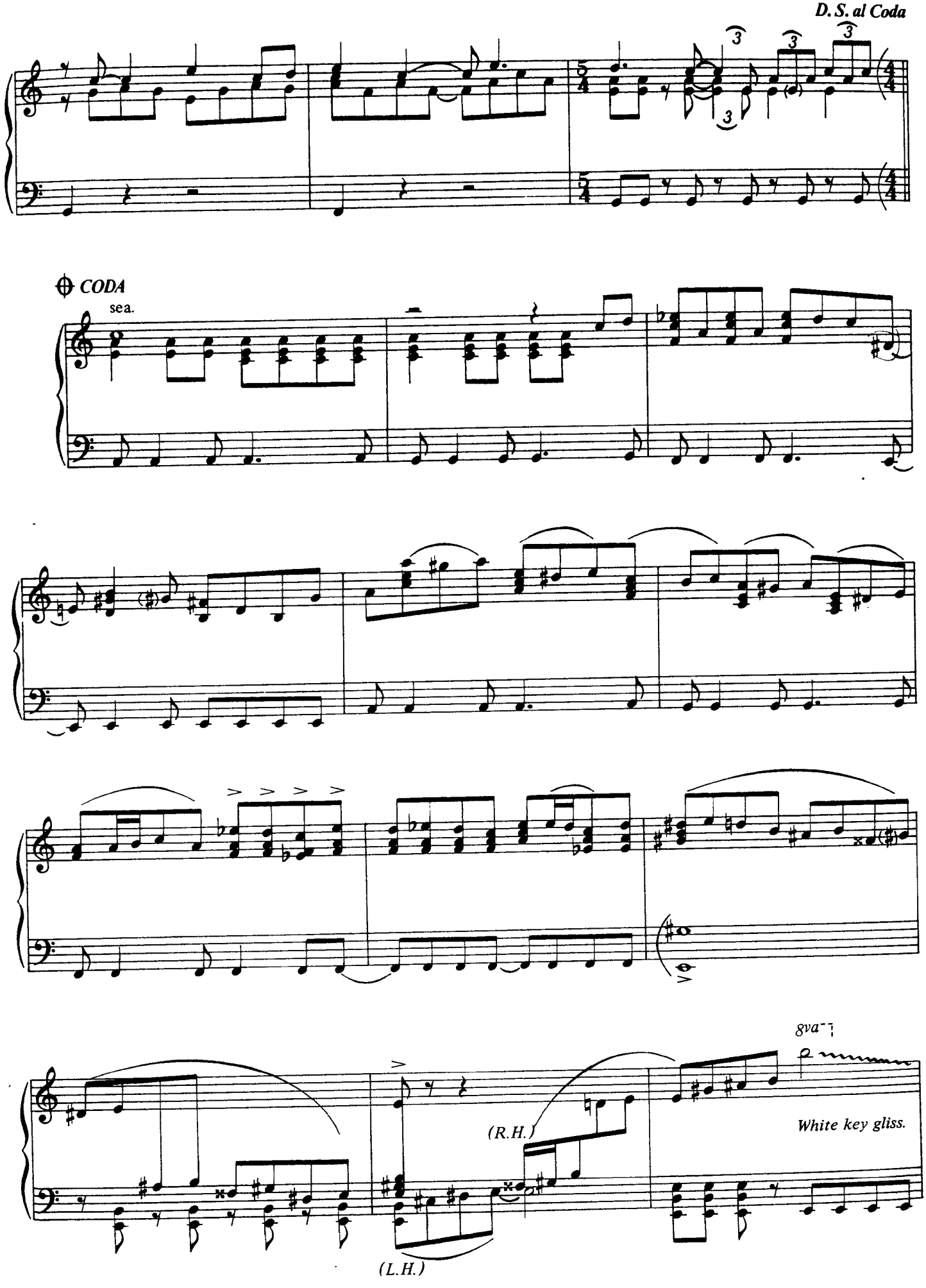
close by my side
show - ing the way
more than his Queen

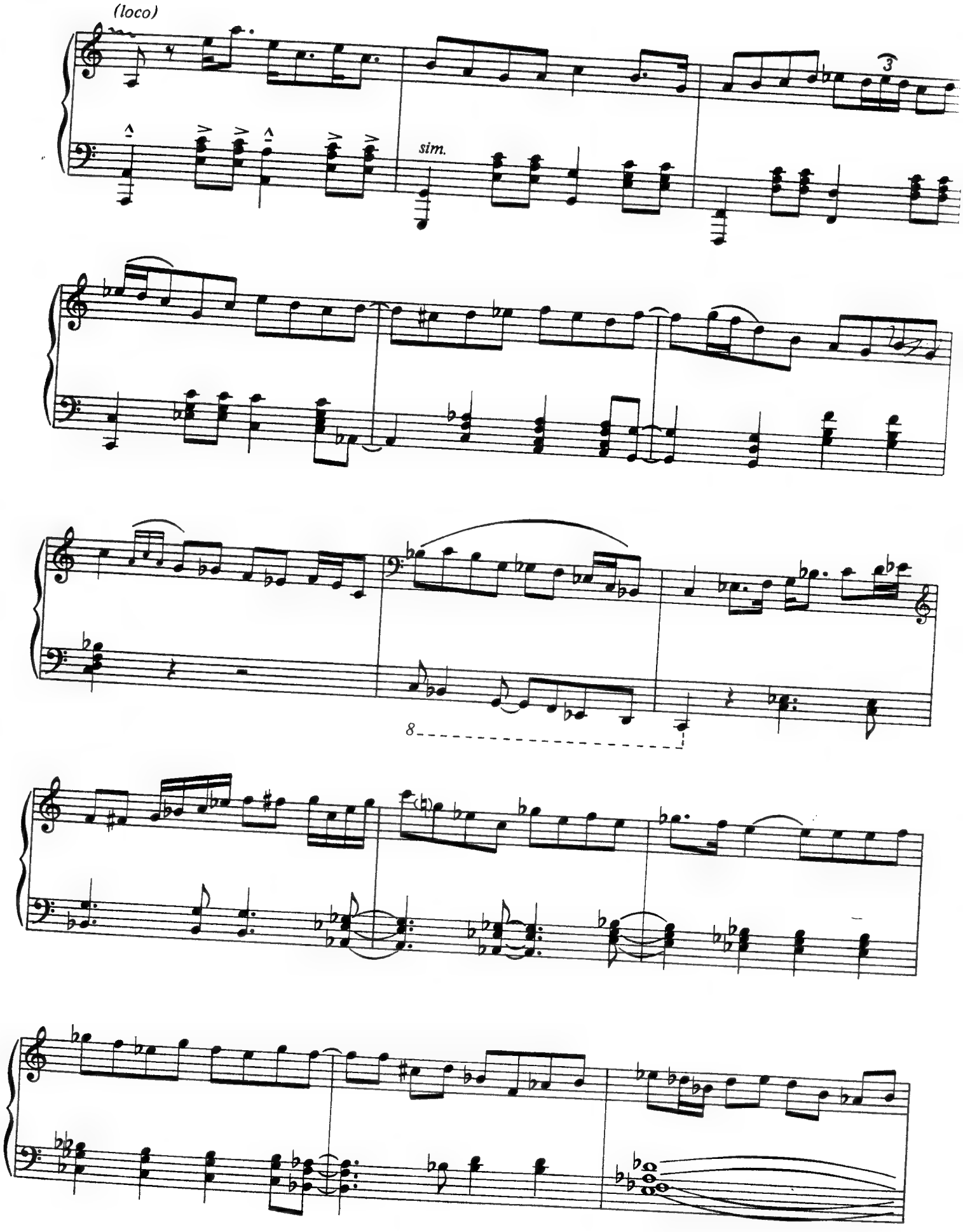


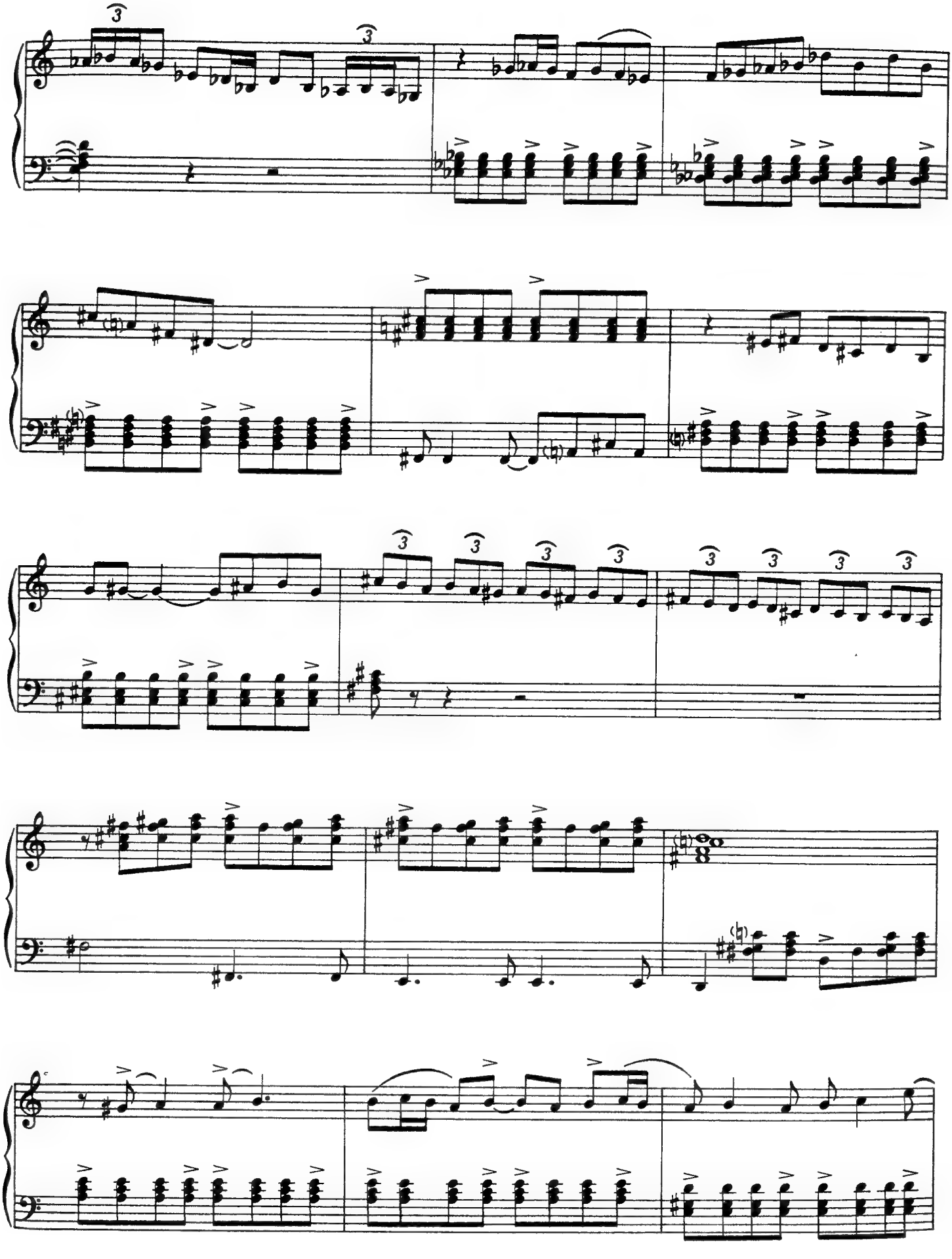

C Gui - ne - vere

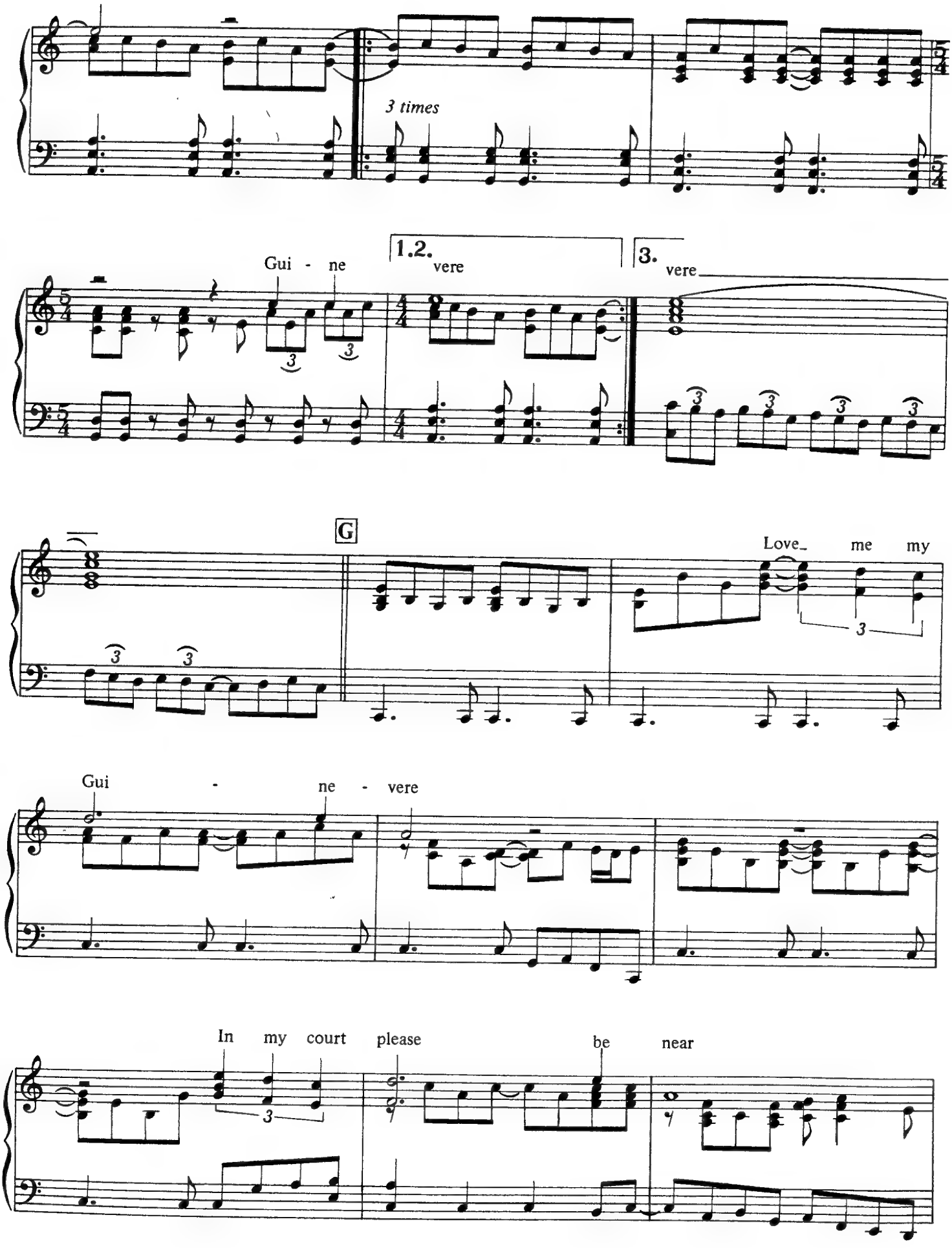


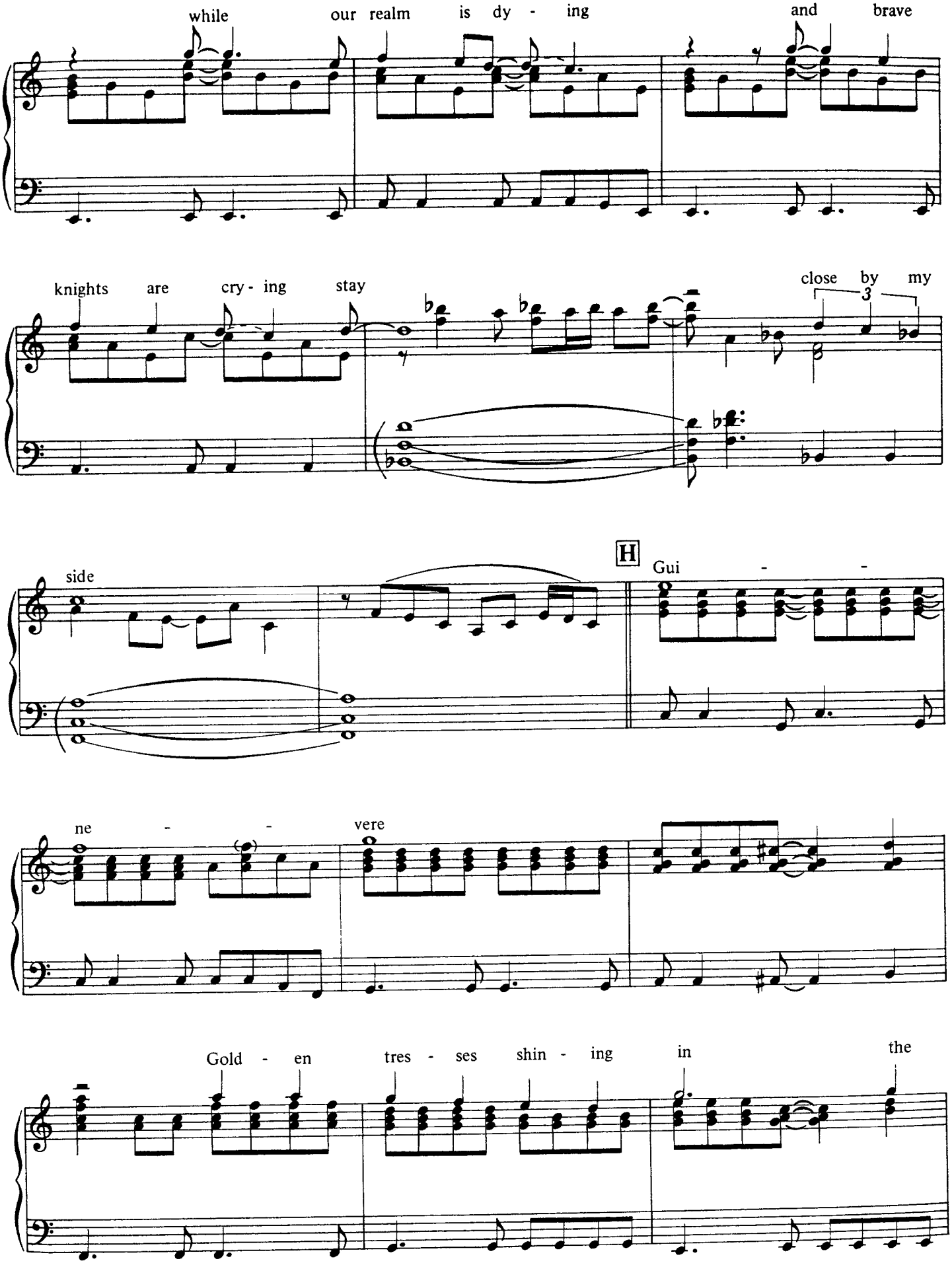

Gold - en tres - ses shin - ing
in the air
spread a - gains
To Coda
a jas - per sea

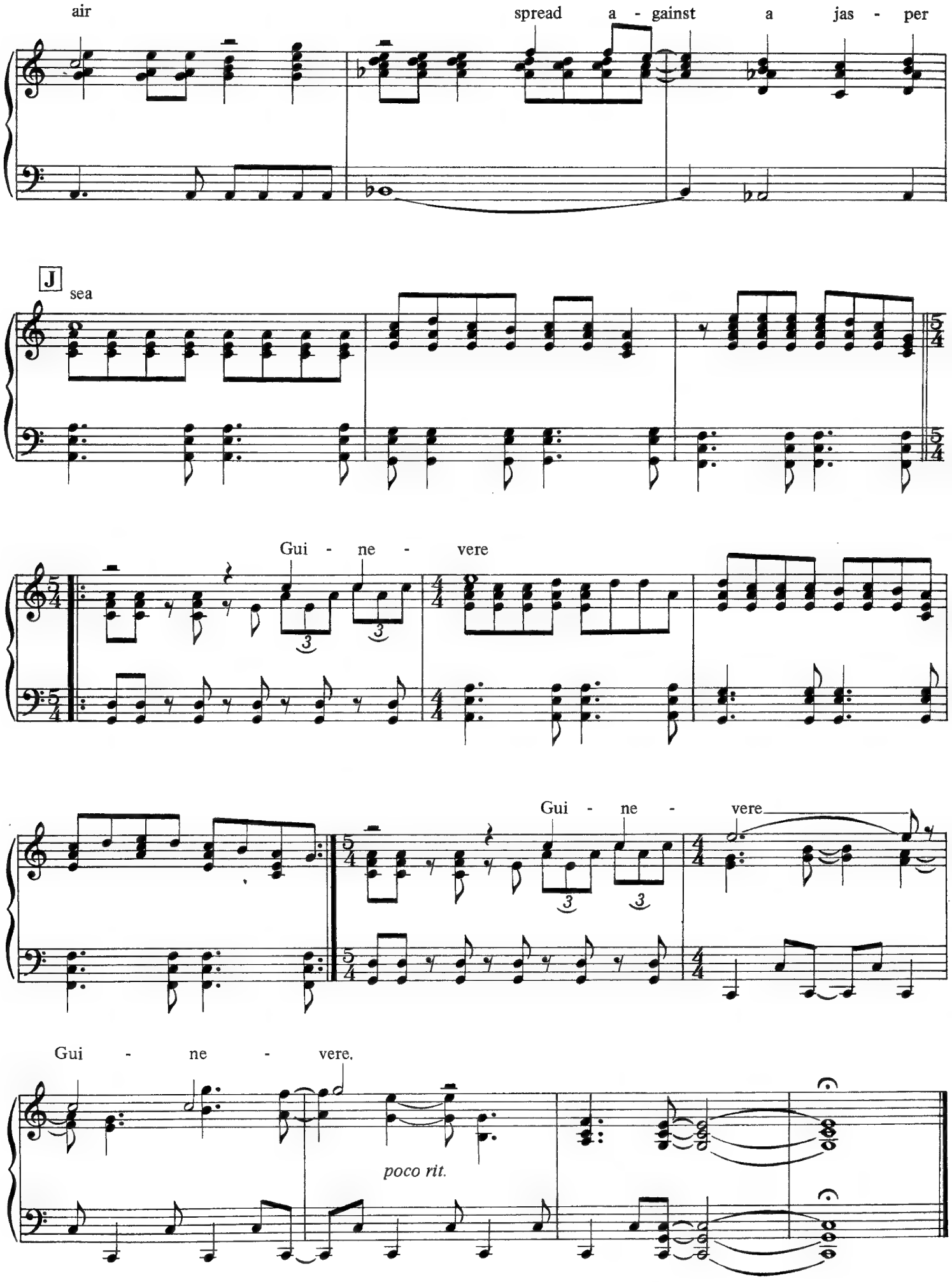

D. S. al Coda
CODA
sea.
8va
White key gliss.
(R.H.)
(L.H.)


(loco)
sim.
8

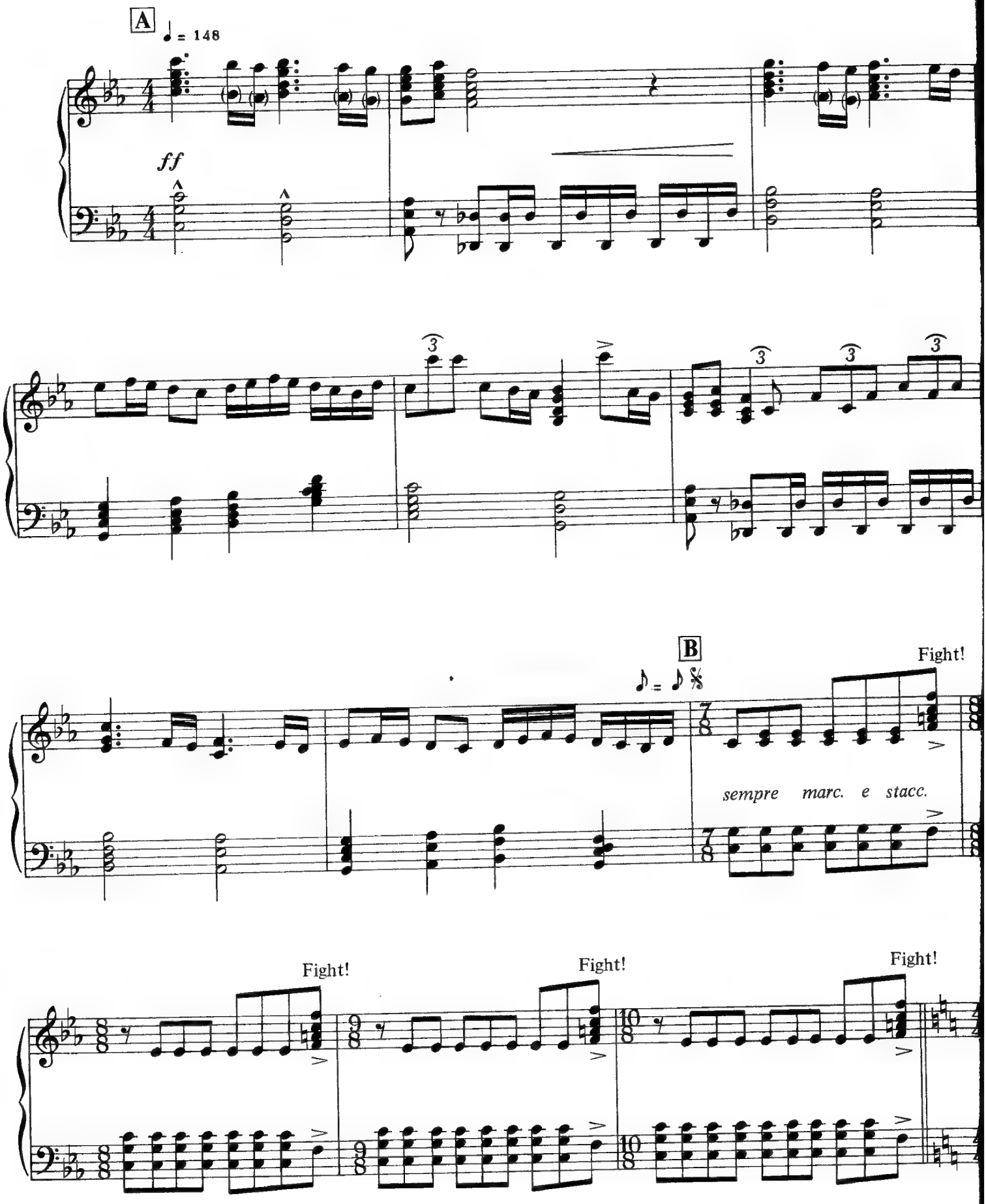



3 times
Gui - ne
1.2.
vere
3.
vere
G
Love me my
Gui - ne - vere
In my court please be near


while our realm is dy - ing and brave
knights are cry - ing stay close by my
3
side
H
Gui - -
ne - -
vere
Gold - en tres - ses shin - ing in the


air
spread a - gainst a jas - per
J
sea
Gui - ne - vere
Gui - ne - vere
Gui - ne - vere.
poco rit.

# SIR LANCELOT AND THE BLACK KNIGHT

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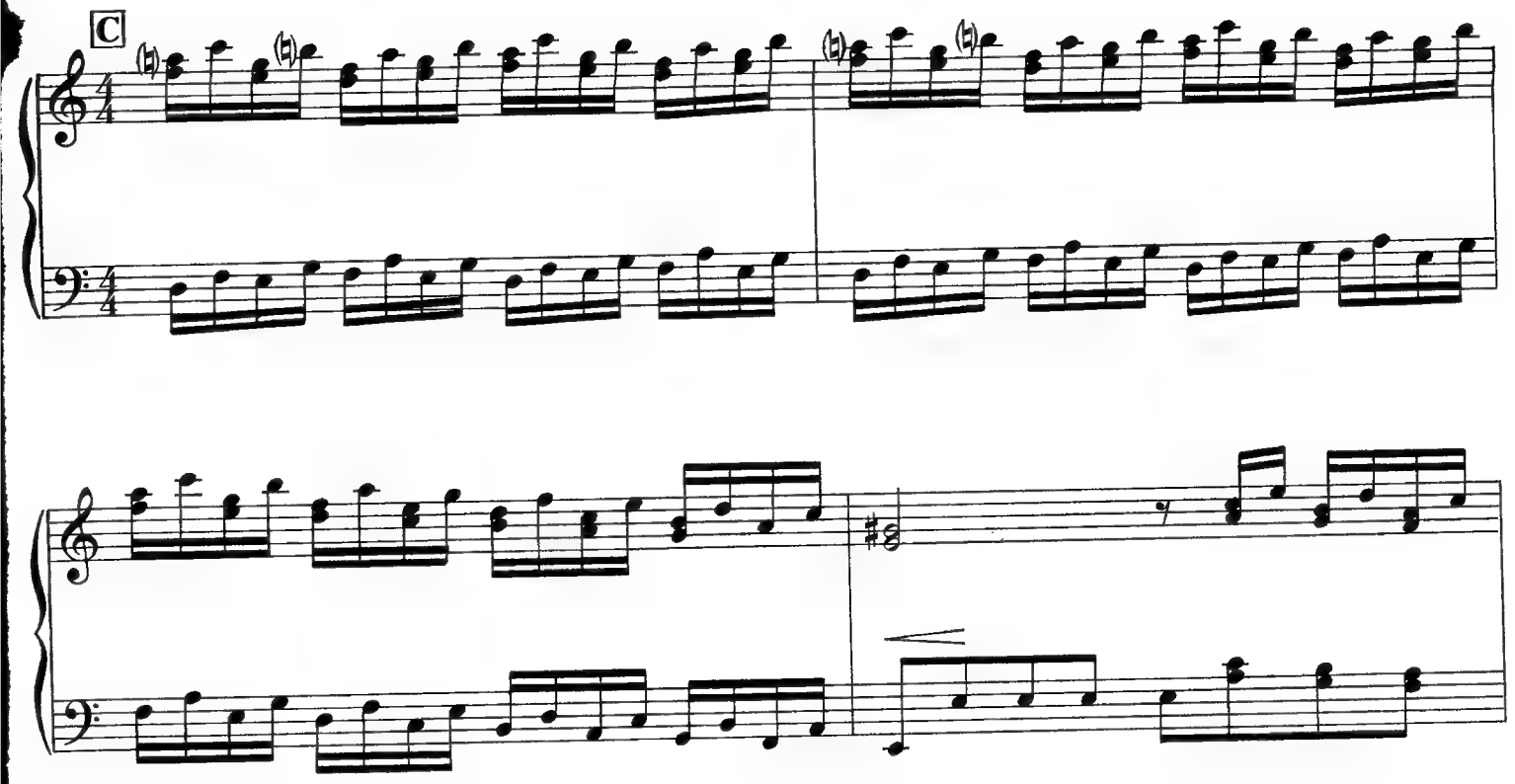
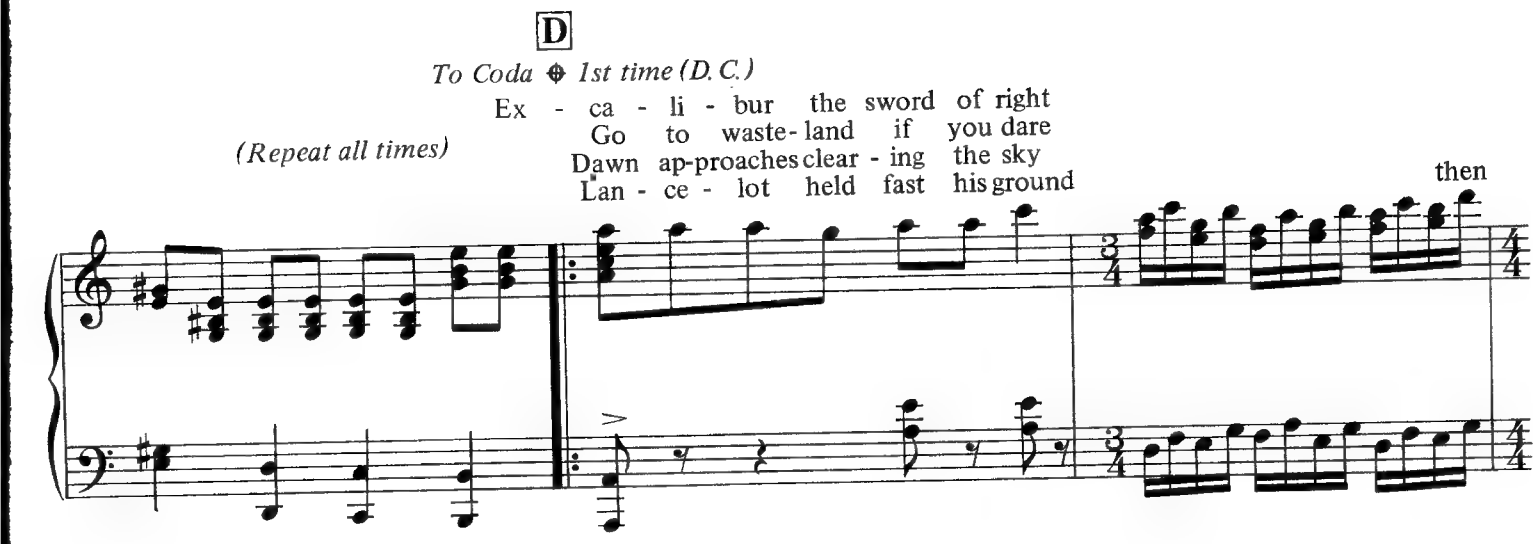
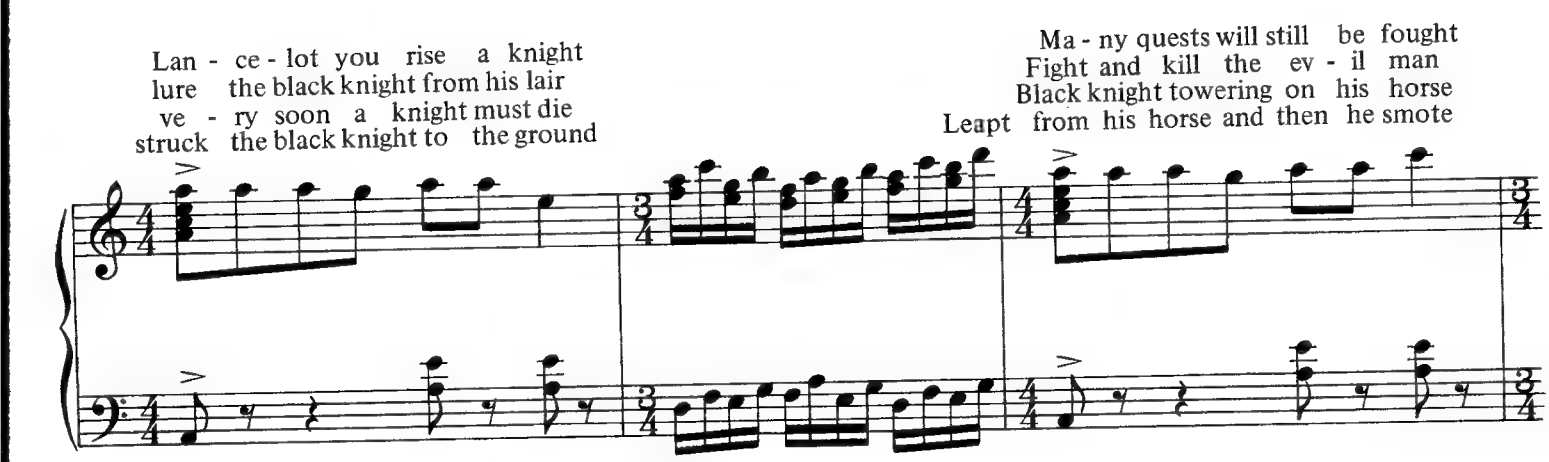
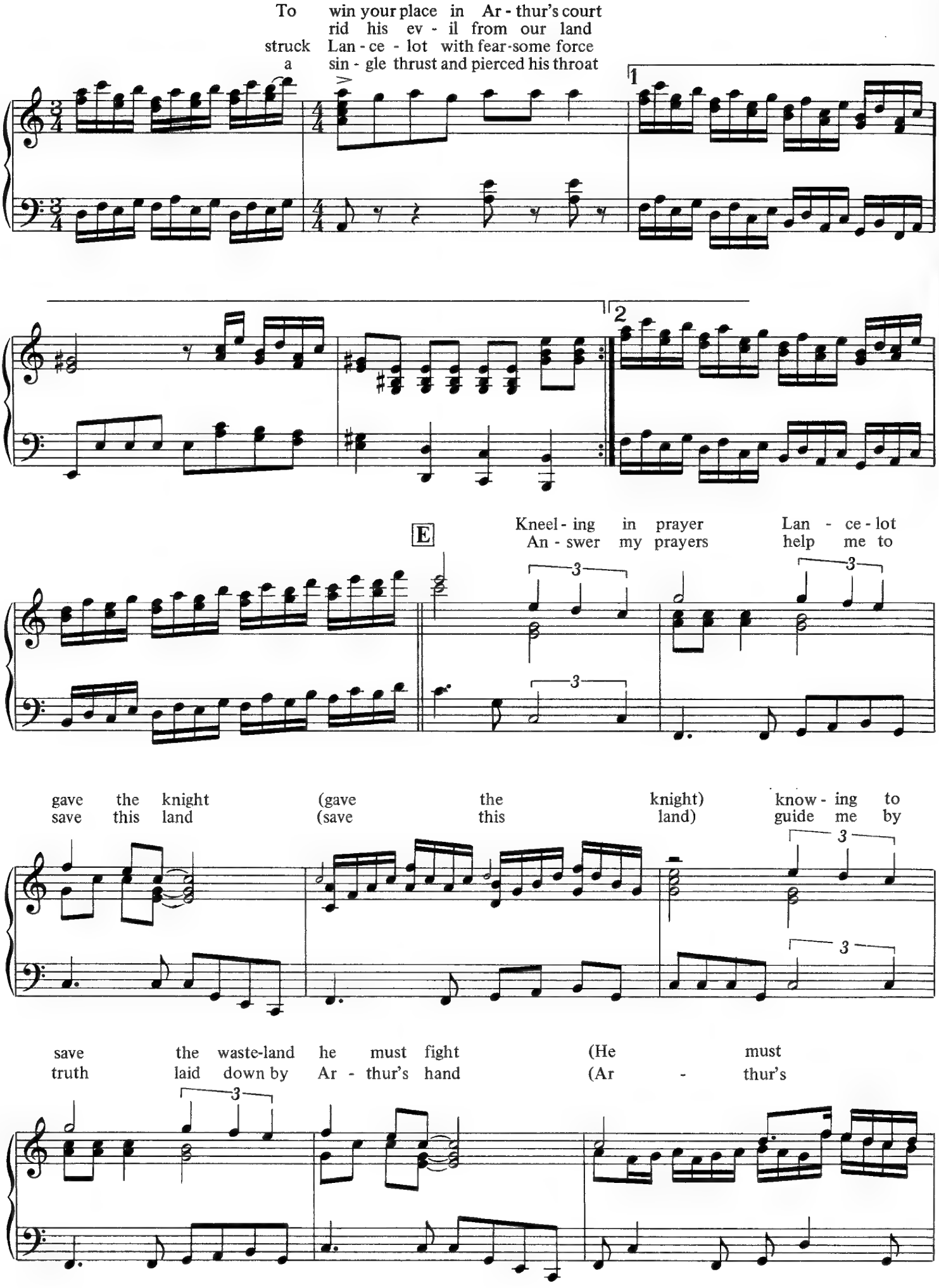
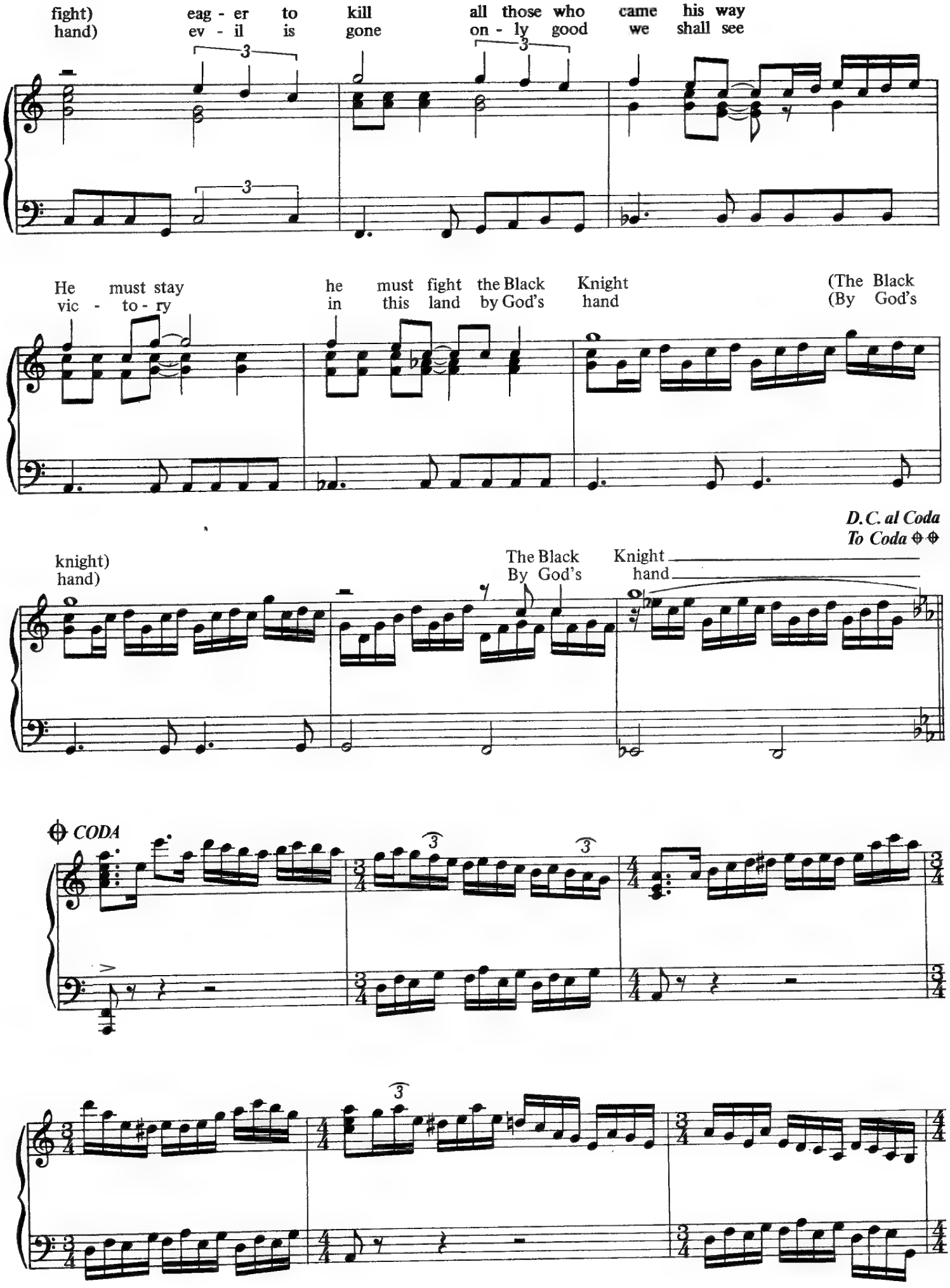

C

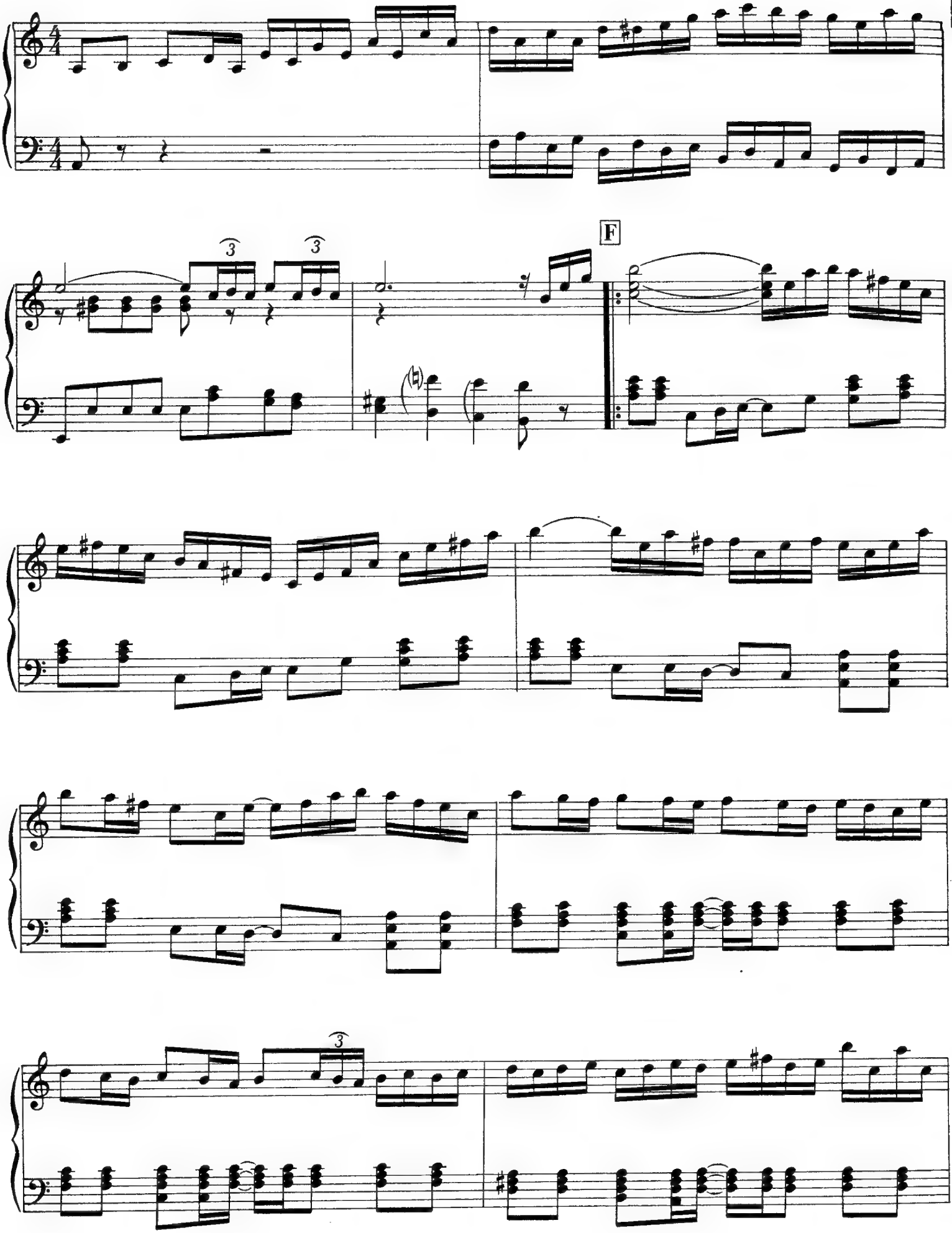


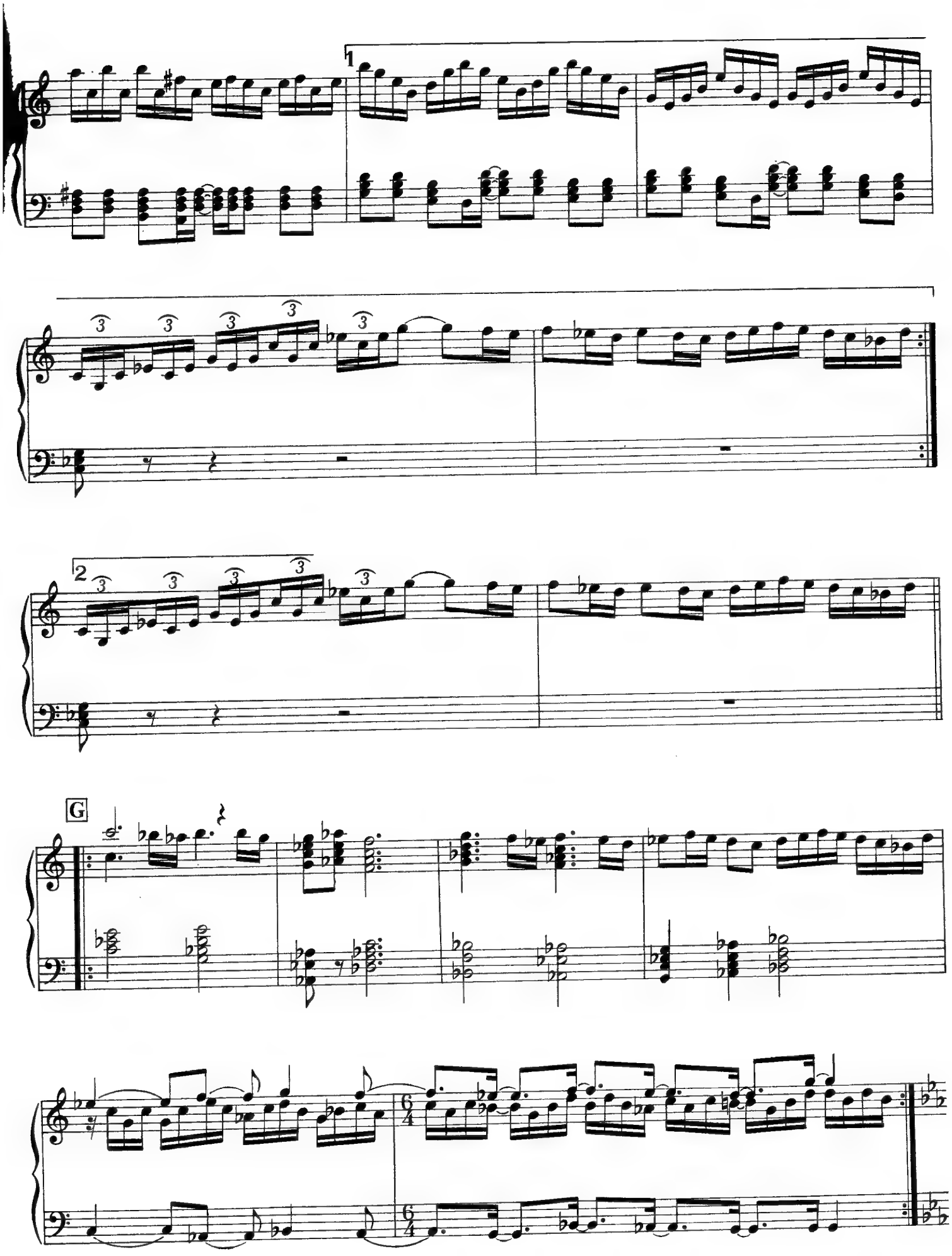

D
To Coda ⊕ 1st time (D.C.)
(Repeat all times)
Ex - ca - li - bur the sword of right
Go to waste-land if you dare
Dawn ap-proaches clear - ing the sky
Lan - ce - lot held fast his ground
then

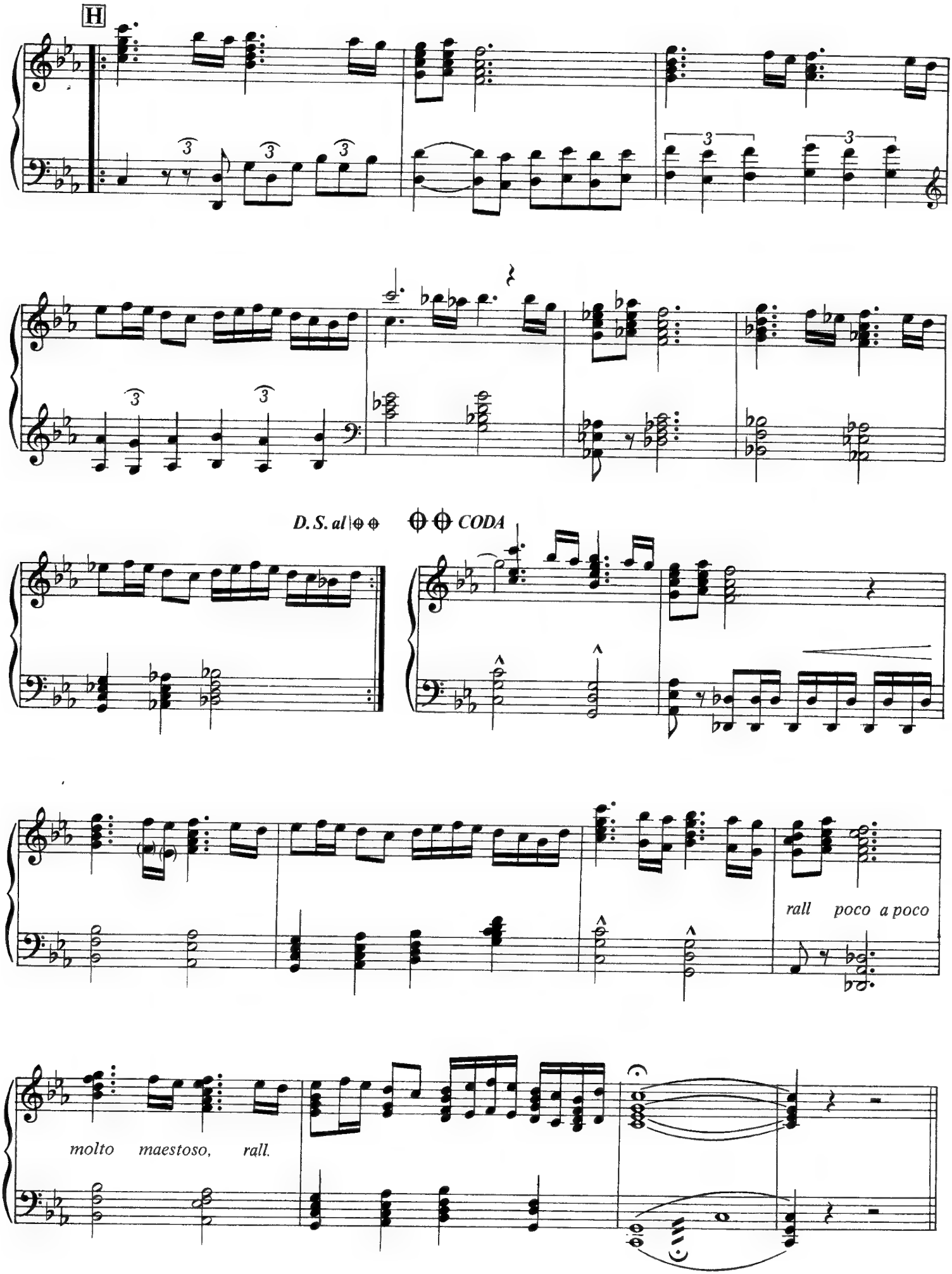

Lan - ce - lot you rise a knight
lure the black knight from his lair
ve - ry soon a knight must die
struck the black knight to the ground
Ma - ny quests will still be fought
Fight and kill the ev - il man
Black knight towering on his horse
Leapt from his horse and then he smote


To win your place in Ar - thur's court
rid his ev - il from our land
struck Lan - ce - lot with fear-some force
a sin - gle thrust and pierced his throat
1
2
E
Kneel - ing in prayer Lan - ce - lot
An - swer my prayers help me to
gave the knight (gave the knight) know - ing to
save this land (save this land) guide me by
save the waste-land he must fight (He must
truth laid down by Ar - thur's hand (Ar - thur's

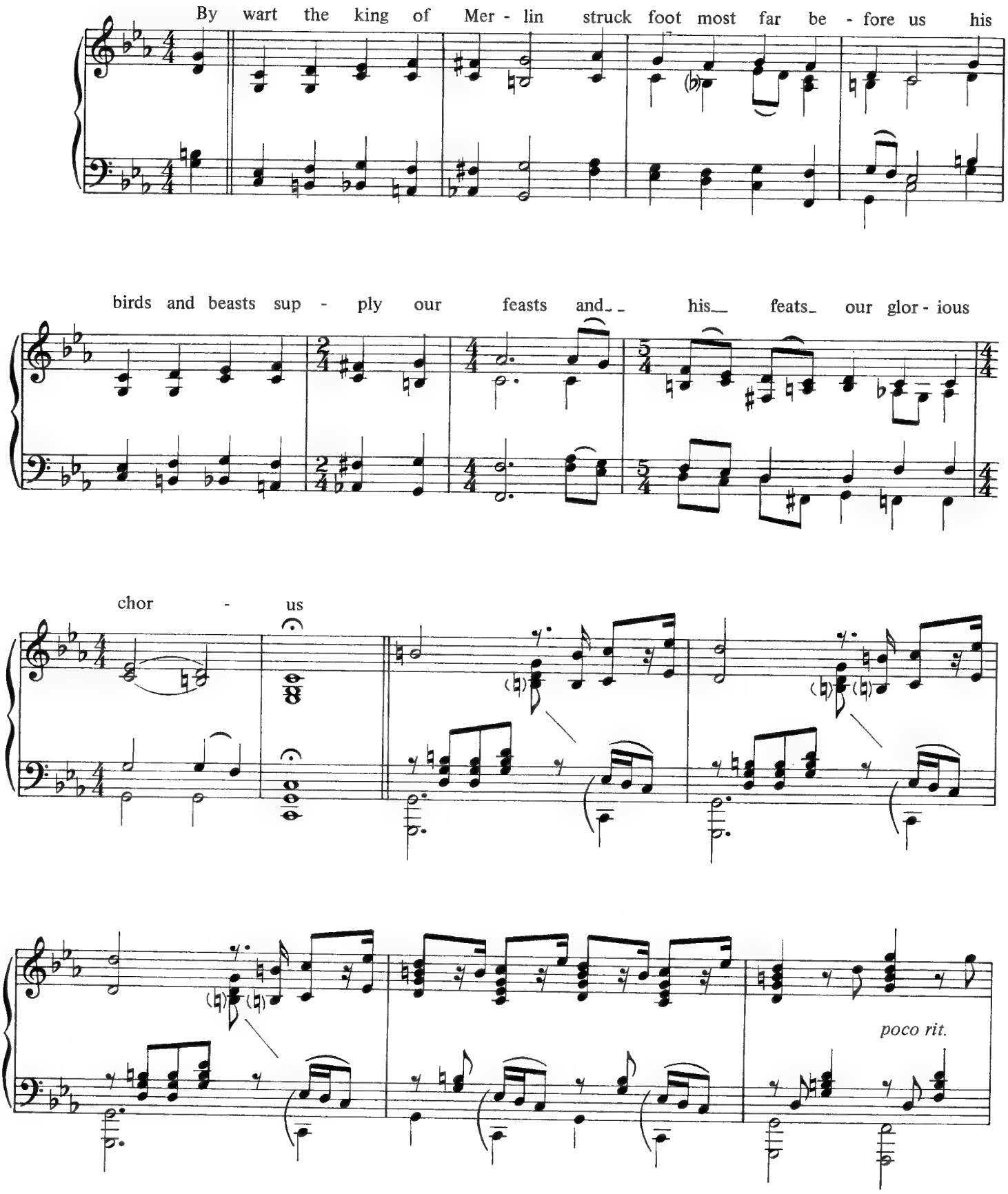

fight) eag - er to kill all those who came his way
hand) ev - il is gone on - ly good we shall see
He must stay he must fight the Black Knight (The Black
vic - to - ry in this land by God's hand (By God's
D.C. al Coda
To Coda
knight) The Black Knight
hand) By God's hand
CODA


F


1
2
G
6/4
6/4


H
D. S. al ⊕
⊕ CODA
rall poco a poco
molto maestoso, rall.

# MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

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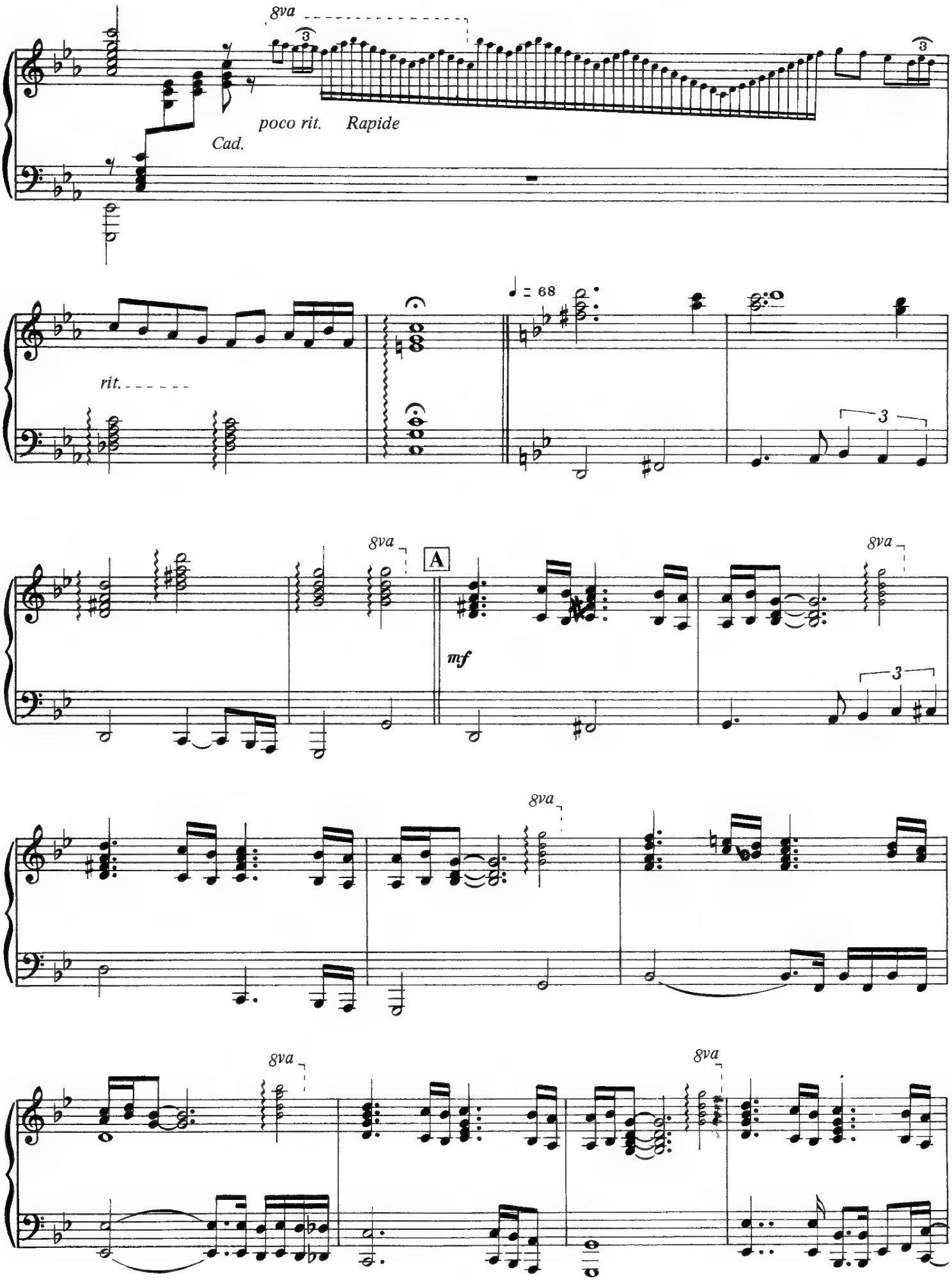
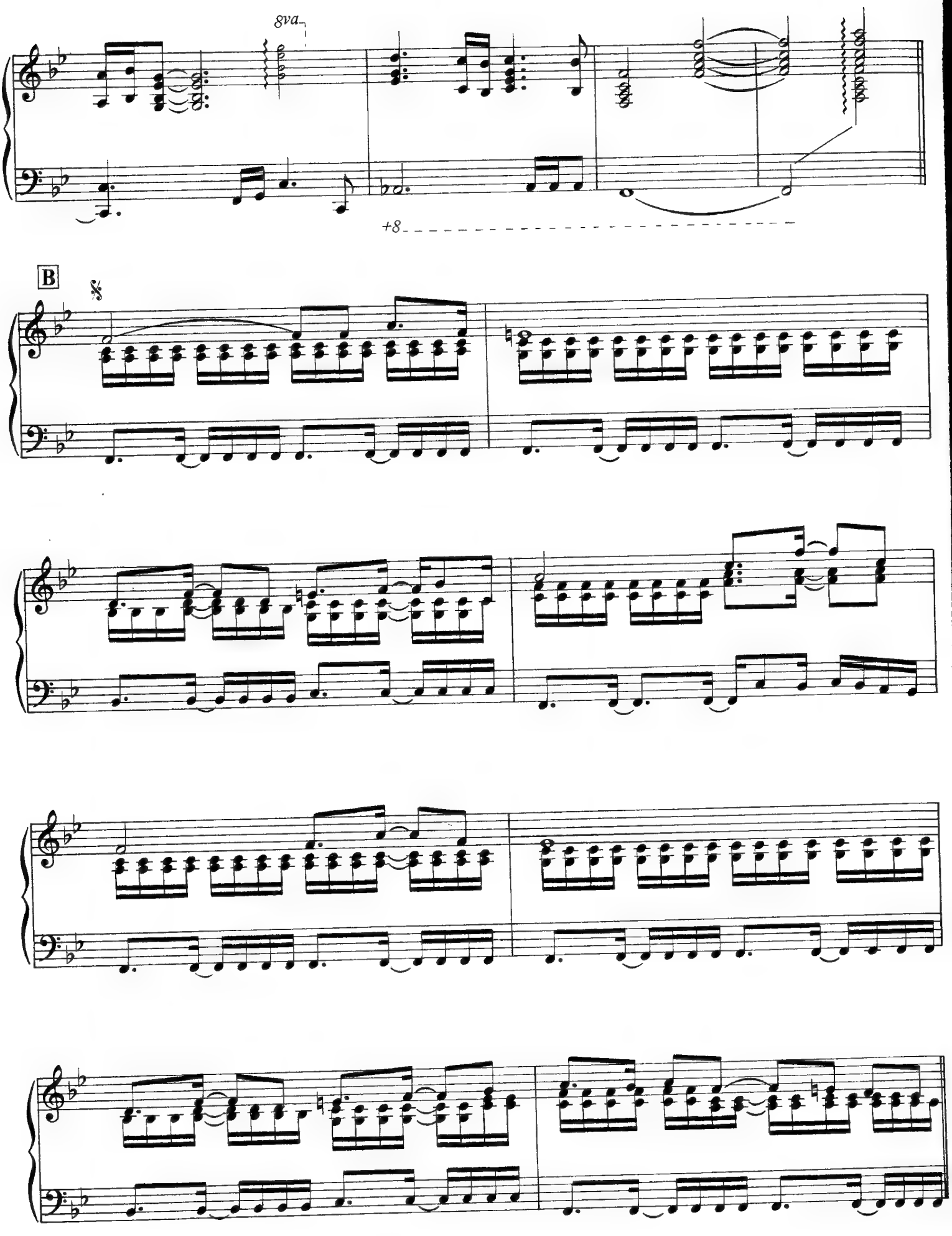
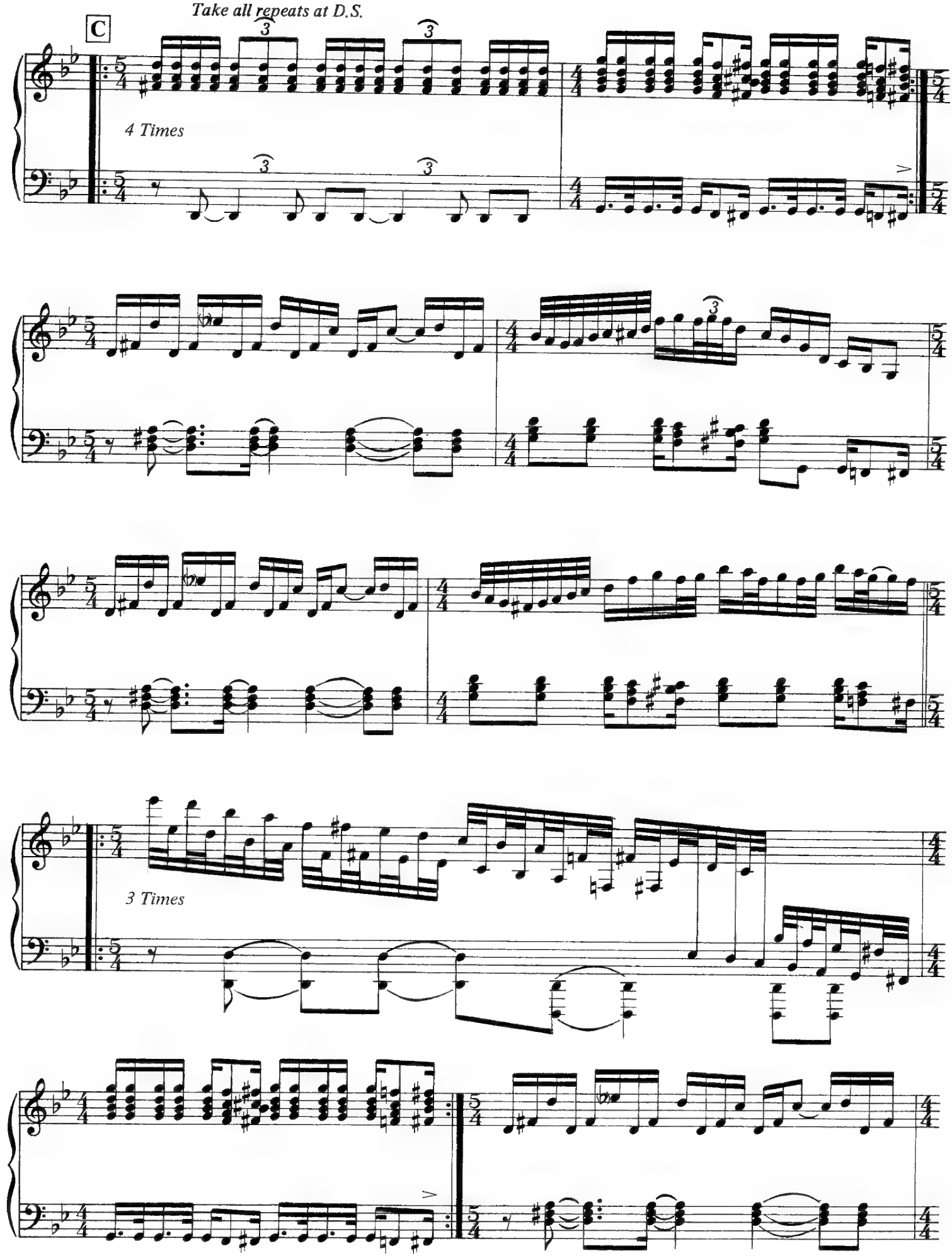
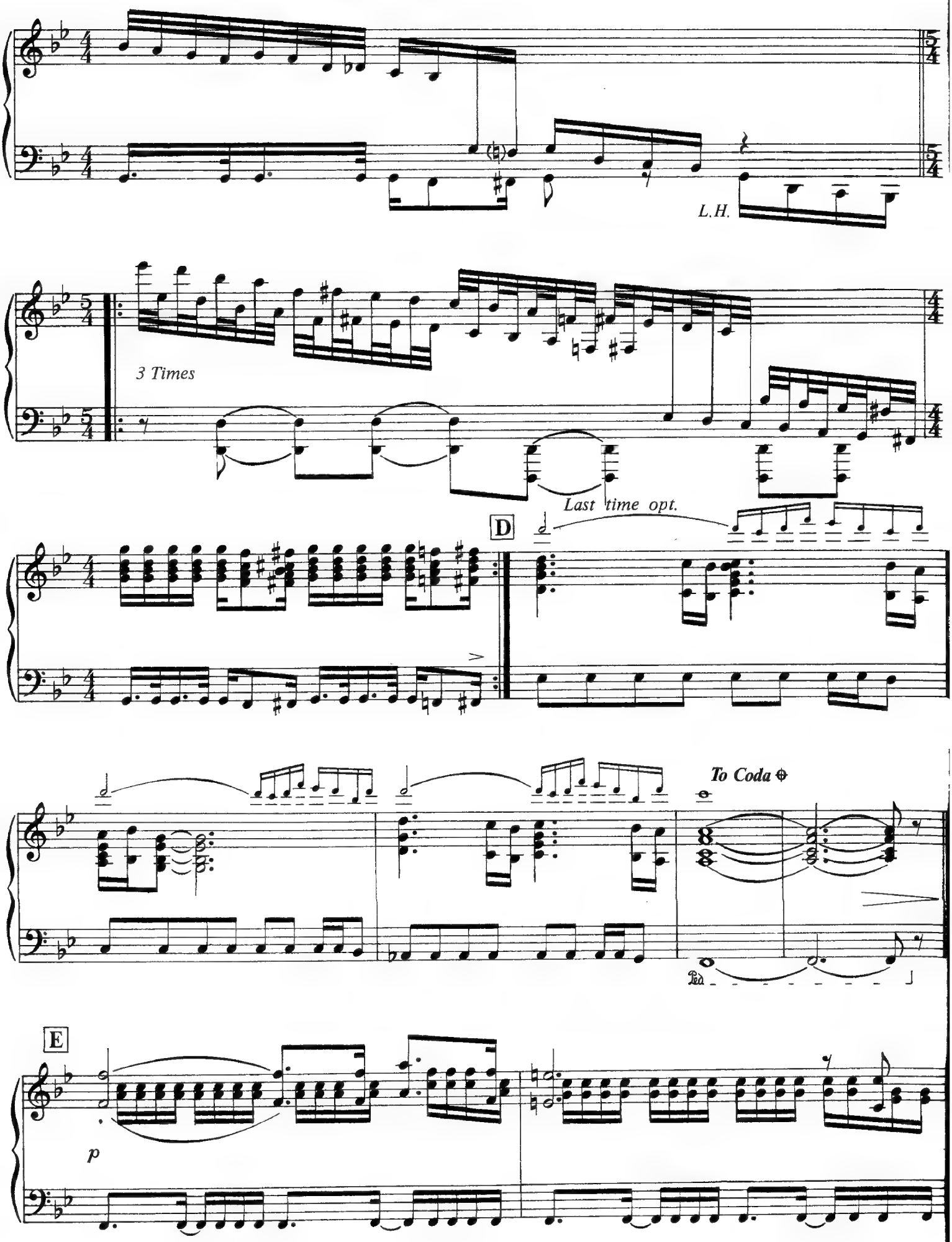
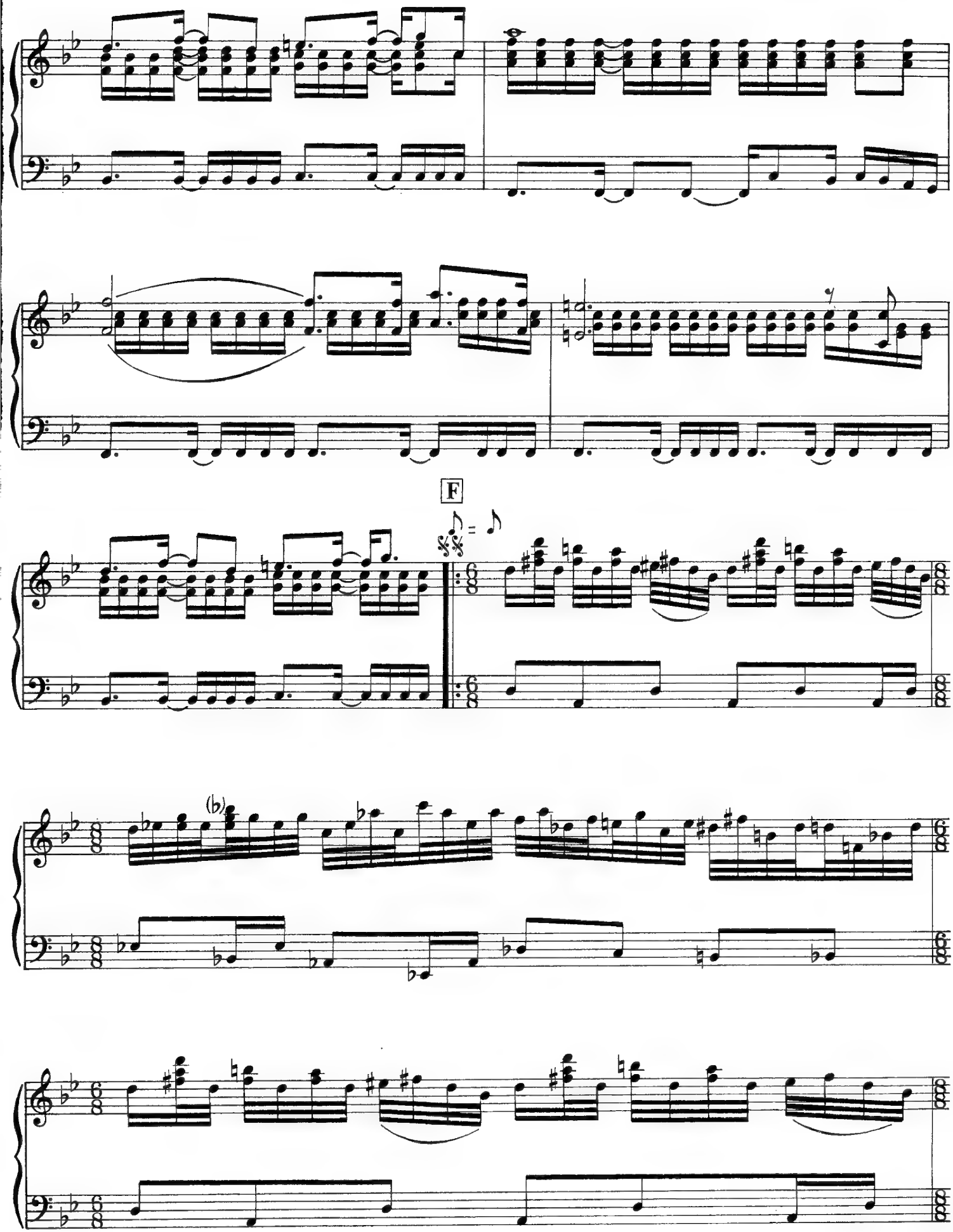
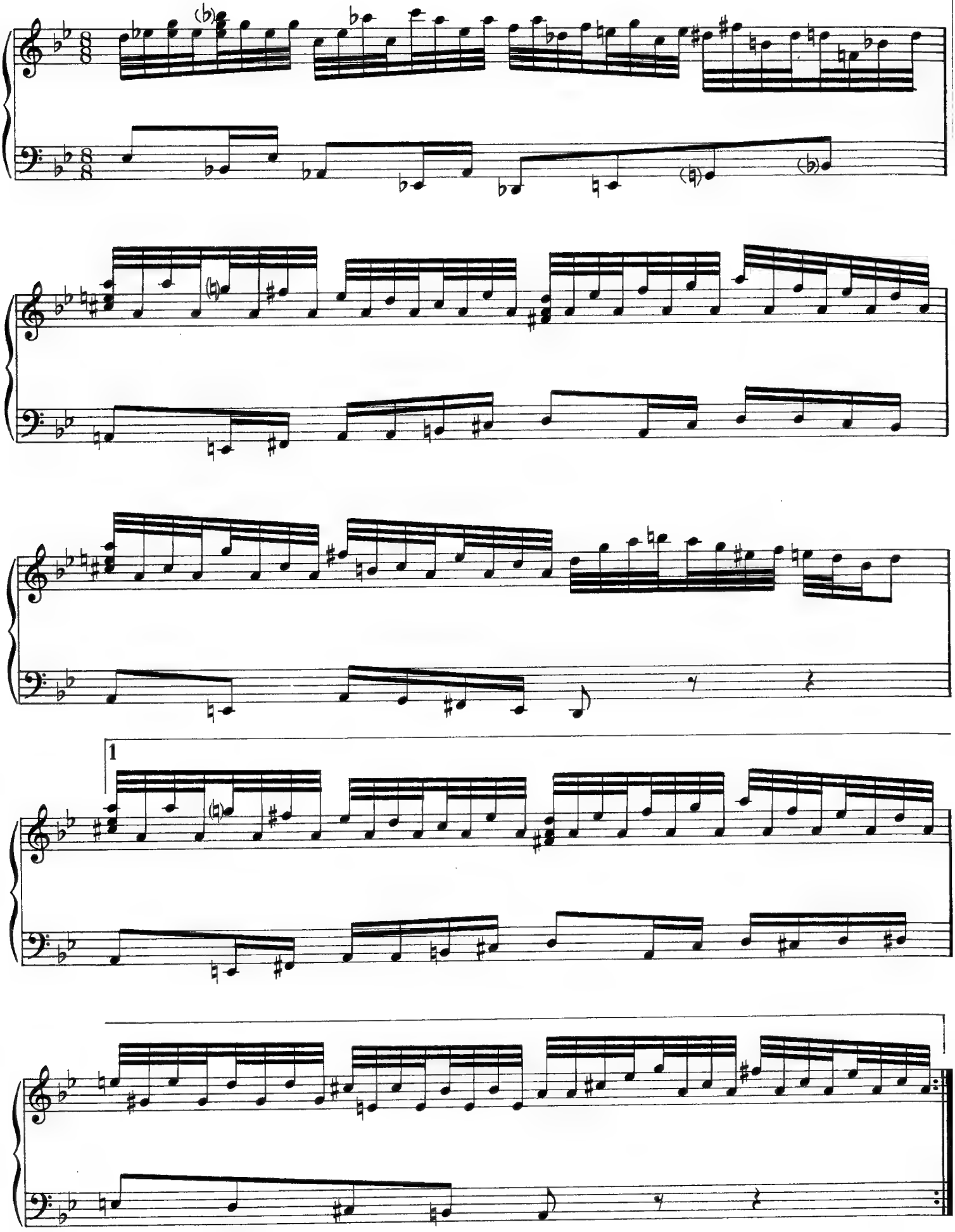

8va
poco rit.
Rapide
Cad.
rit.
♩ = 68
3
8va
A
mf
8va
3
8va
8va
8va

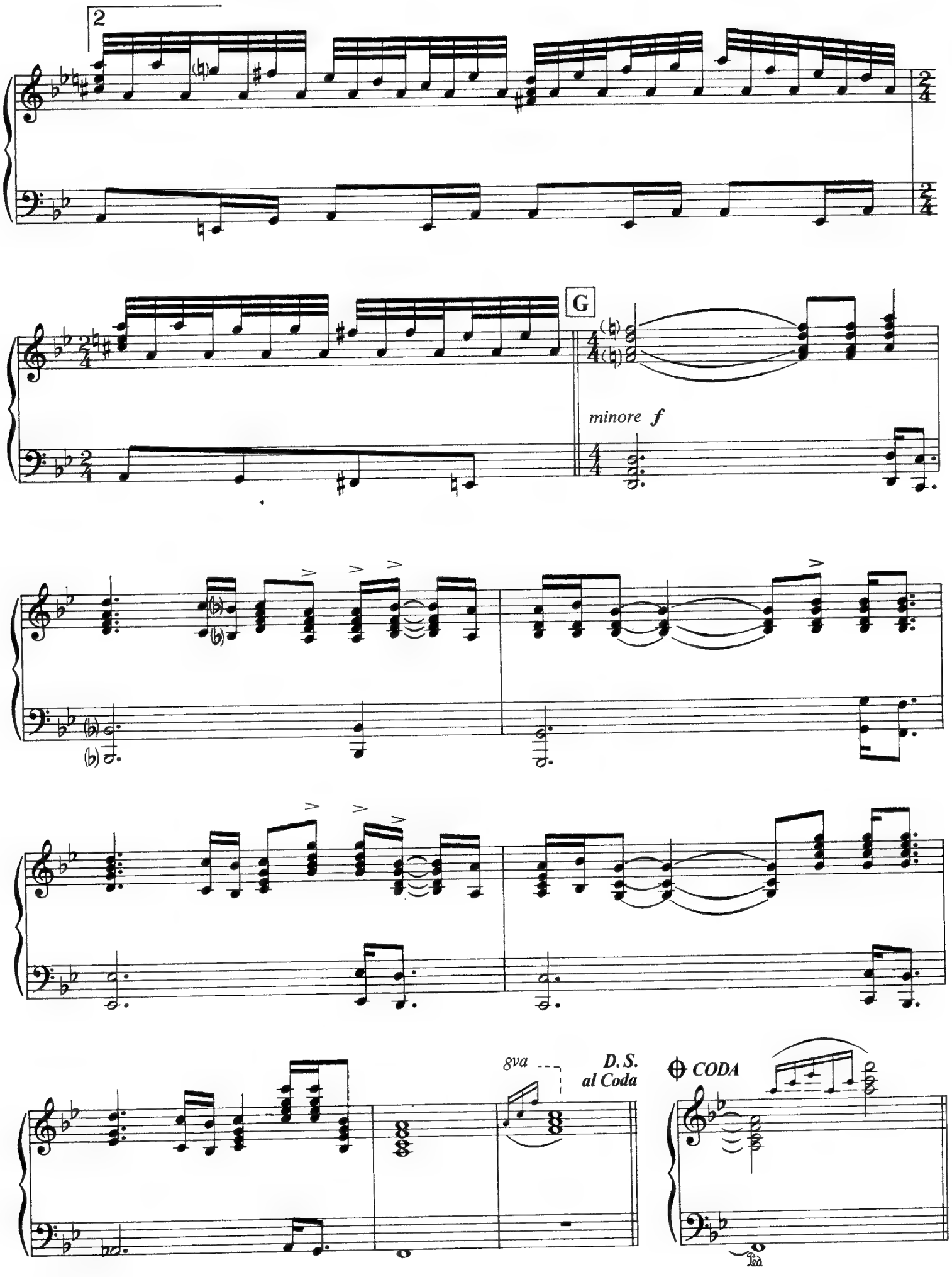

8va
+8
B
𝄋

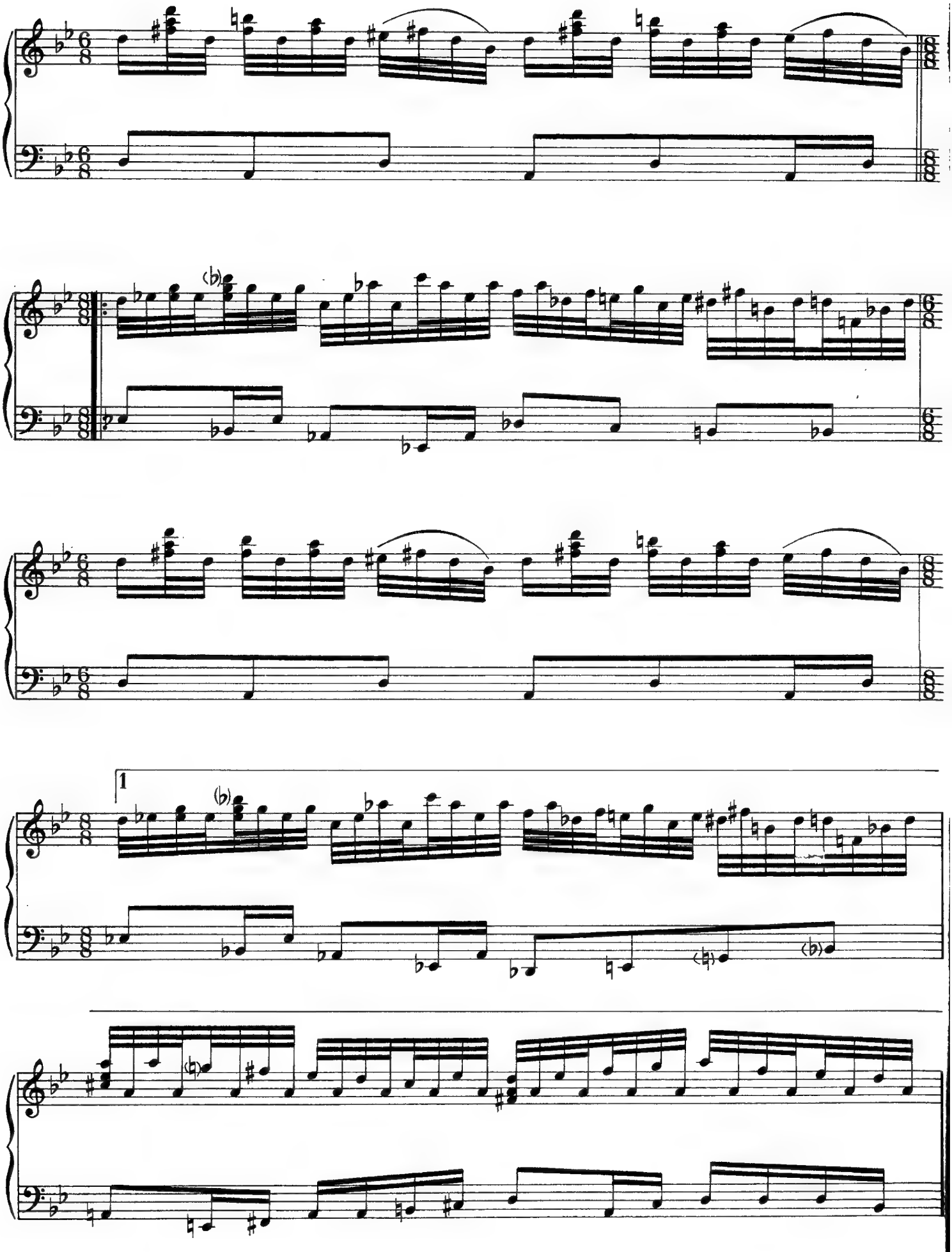

Take all repeats at D.S.
C
4 Times
3 Times

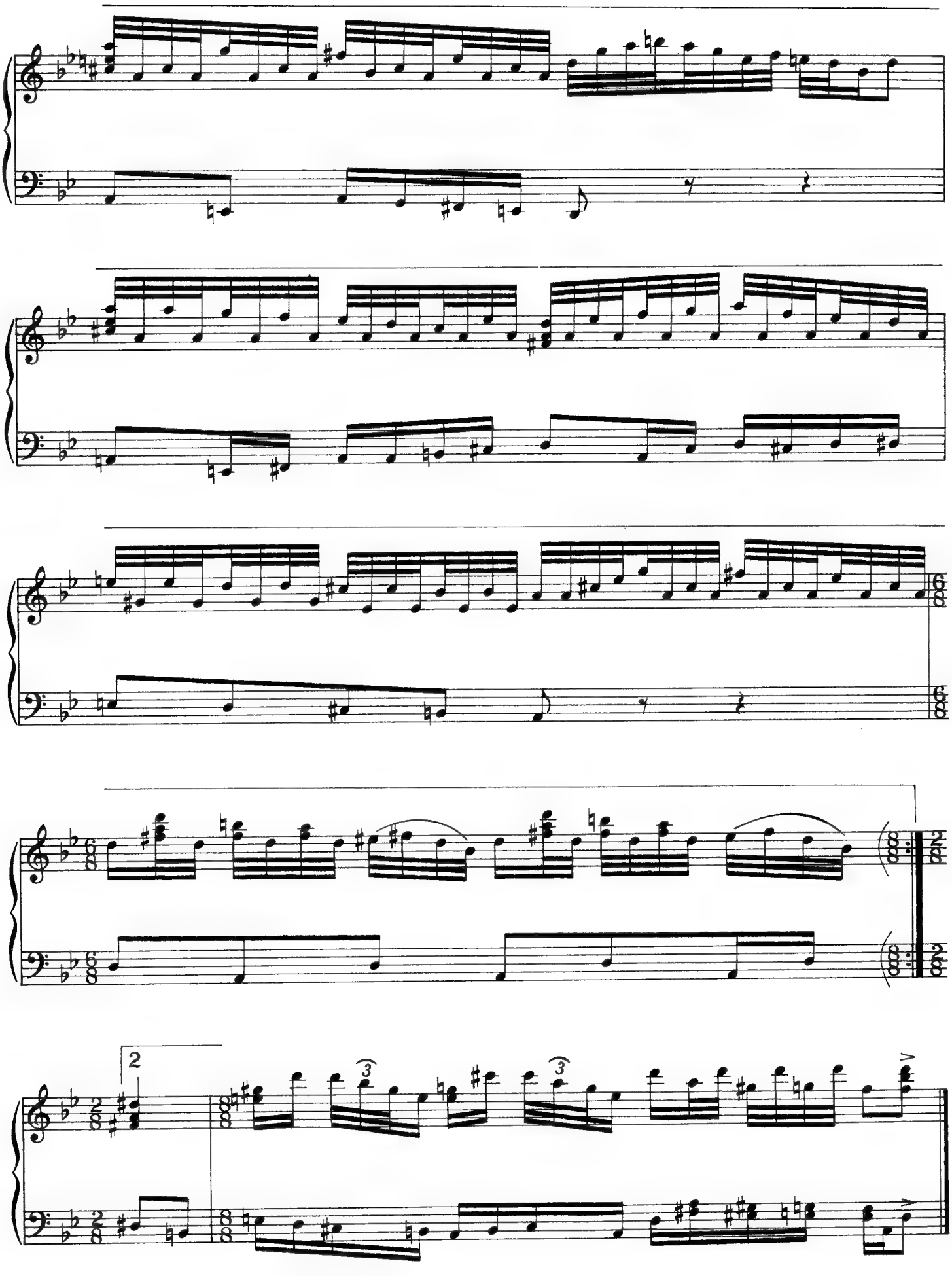

L.H.
3 Times
Last time opt.
D
To Coda
E
p


F

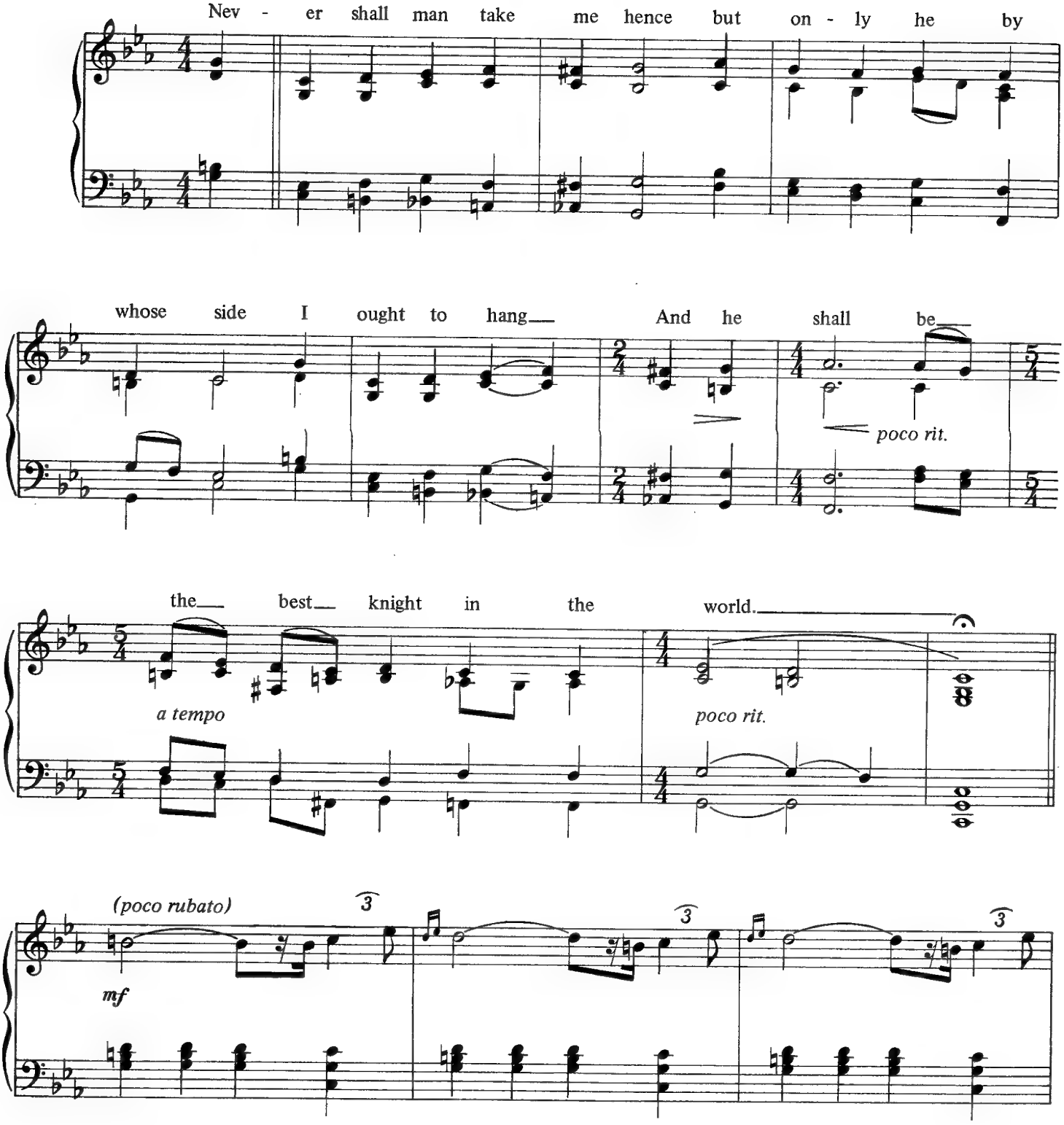

1


2
G
minore f
8va
D. S.
al Coda
CODA


1



# SIR GALAHAD
## The Offering

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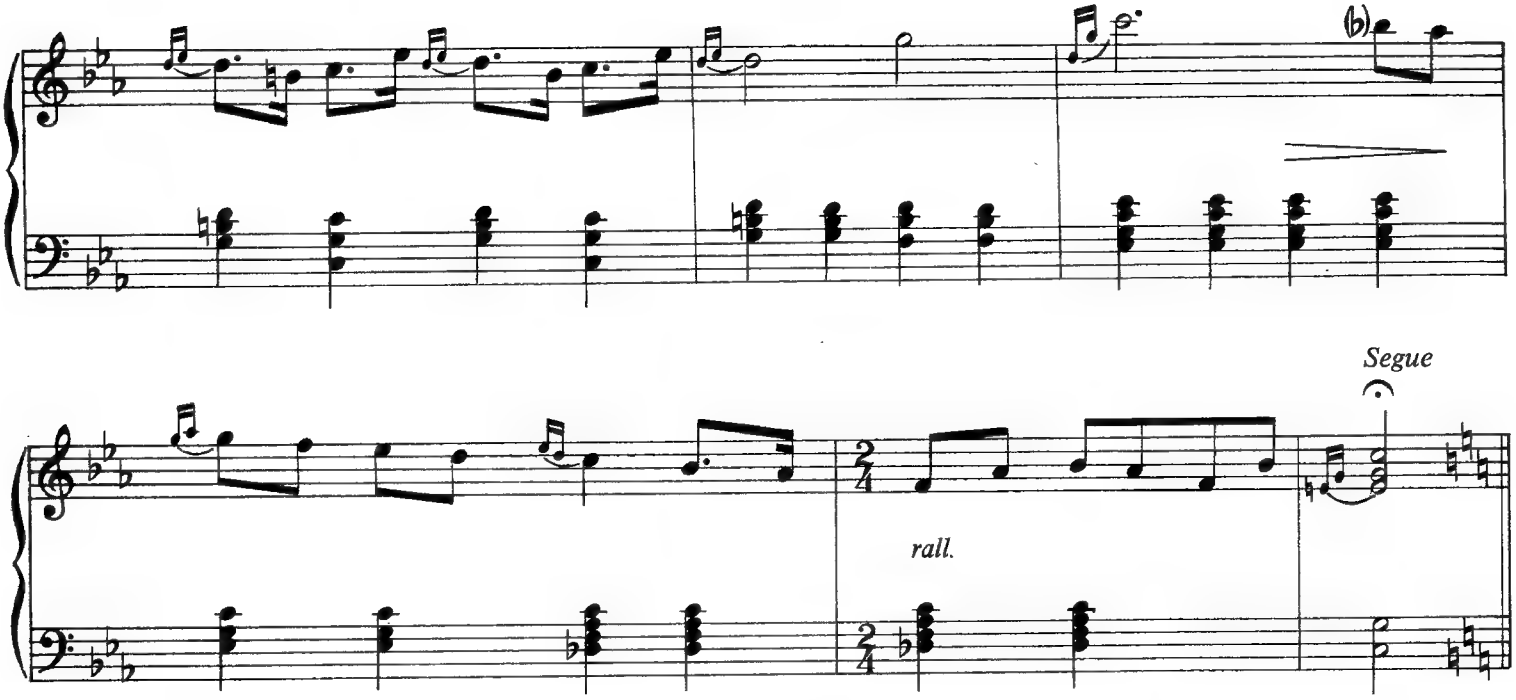
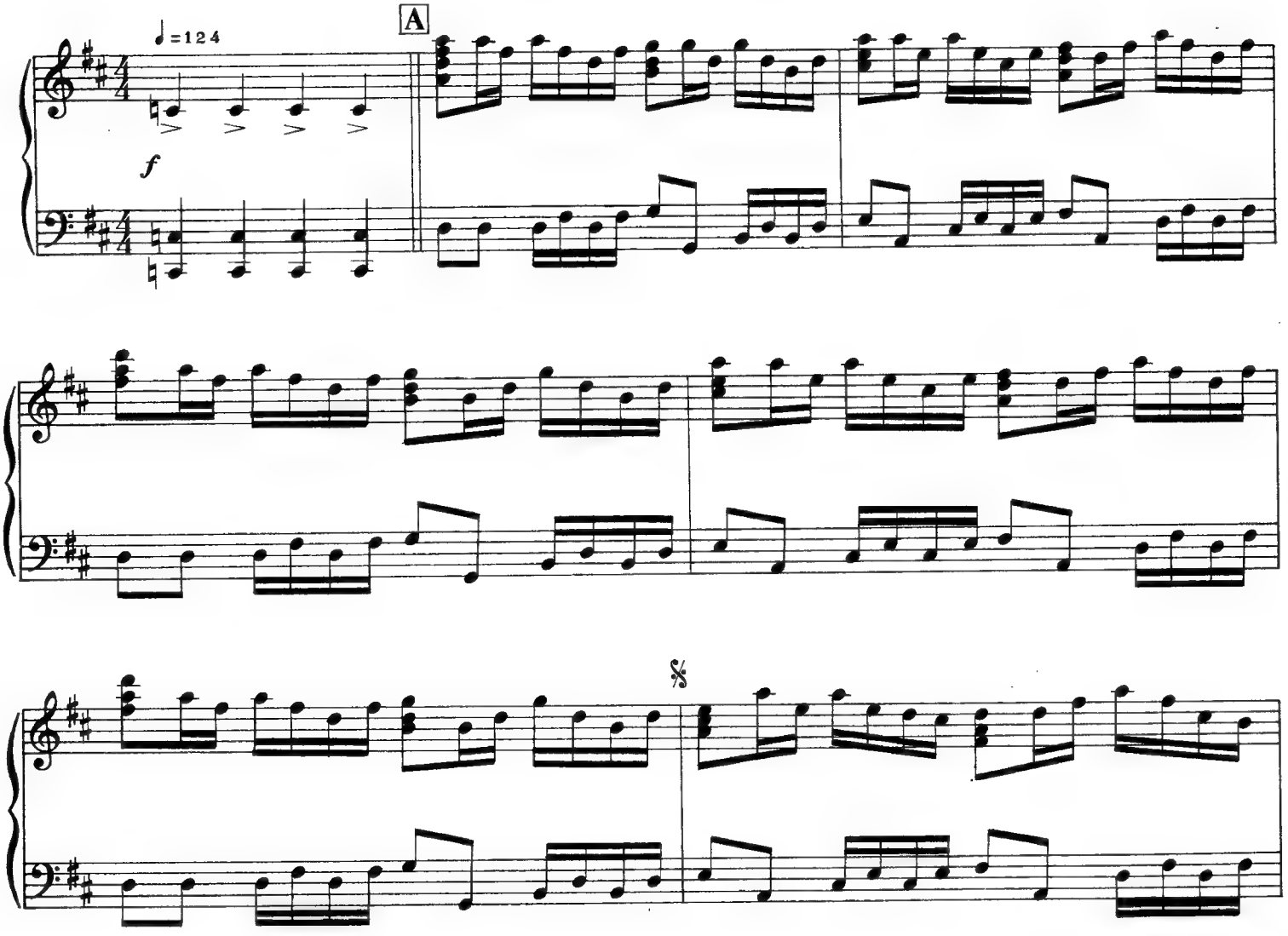



# Reunion

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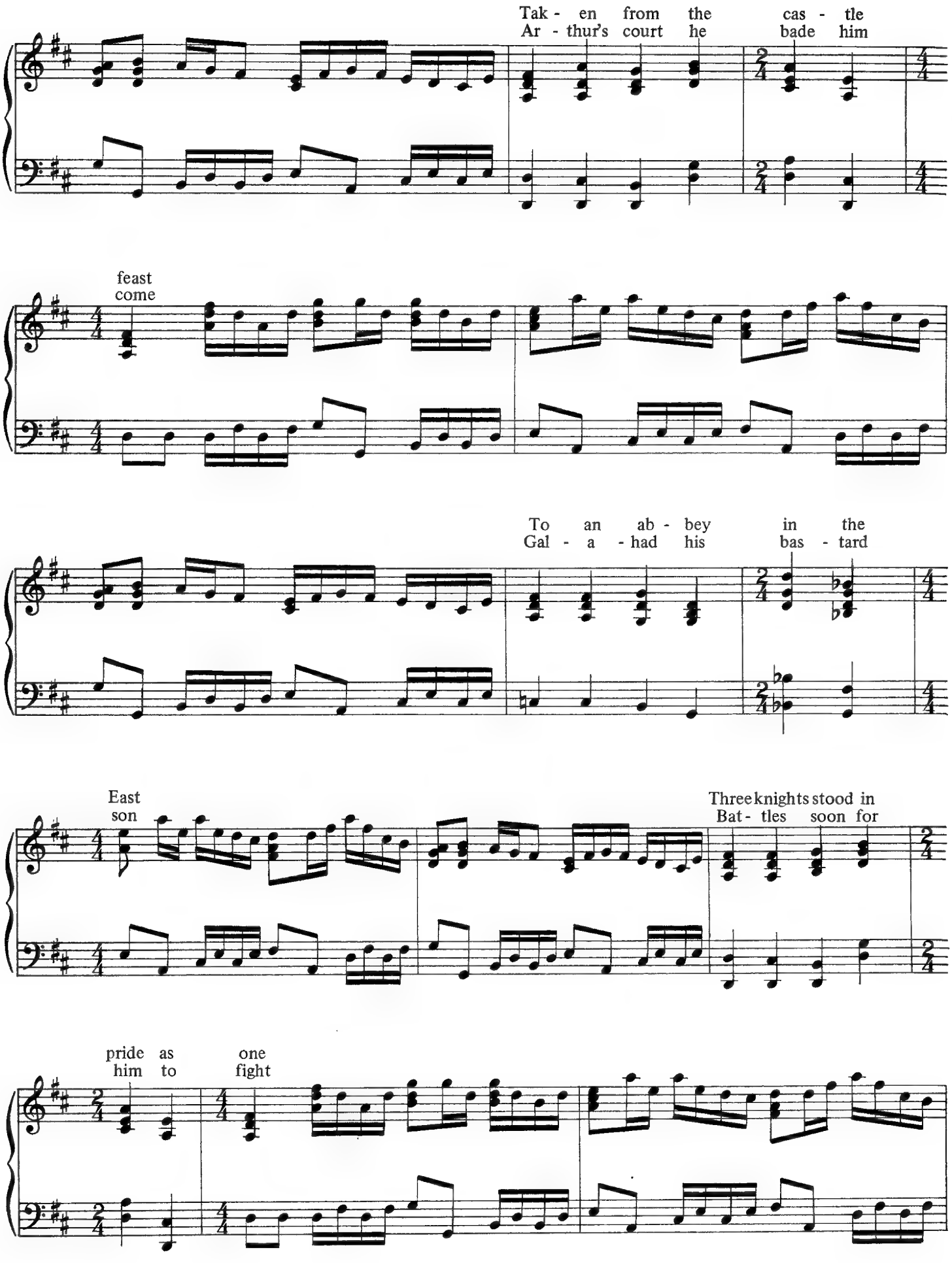
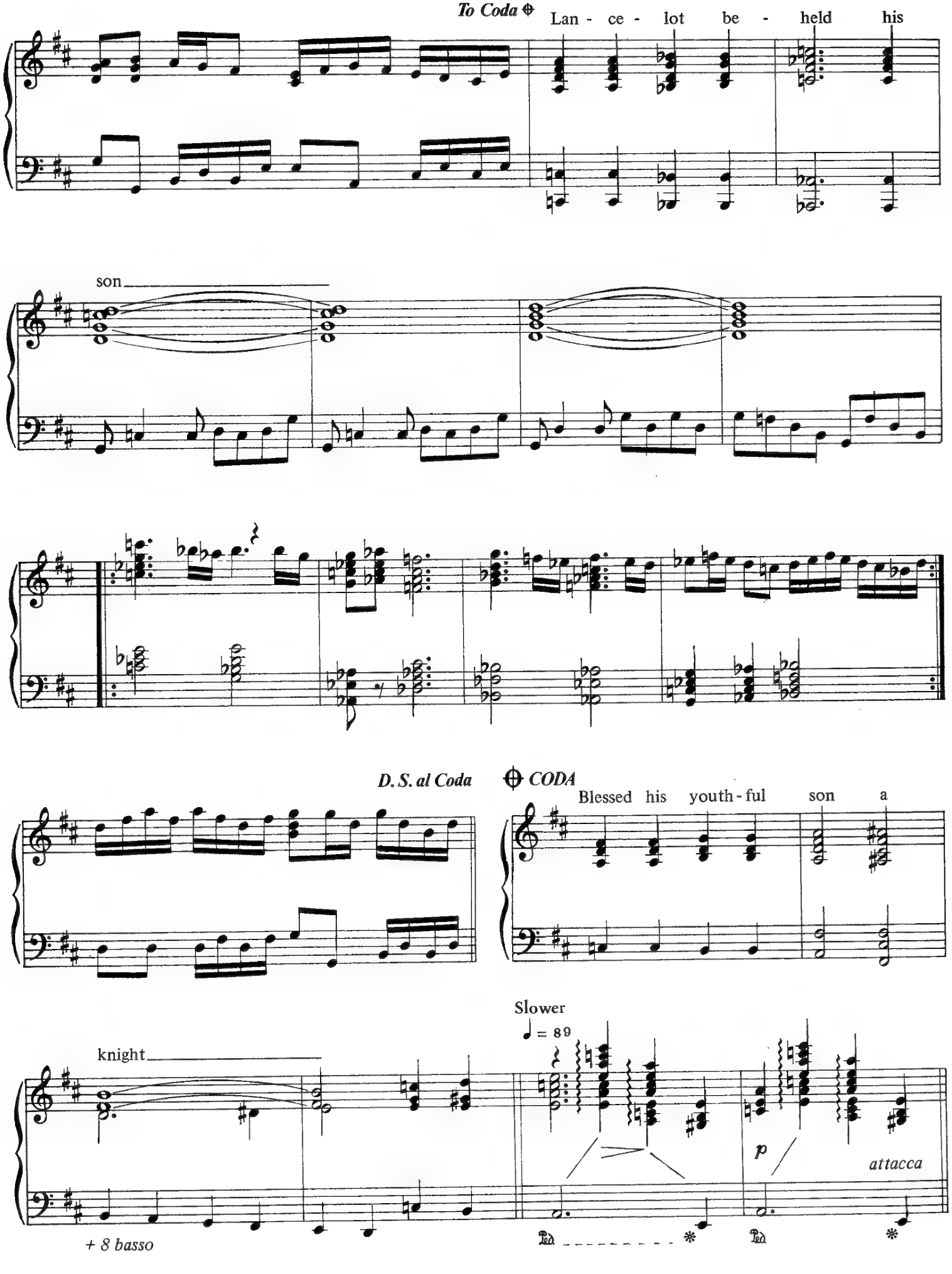
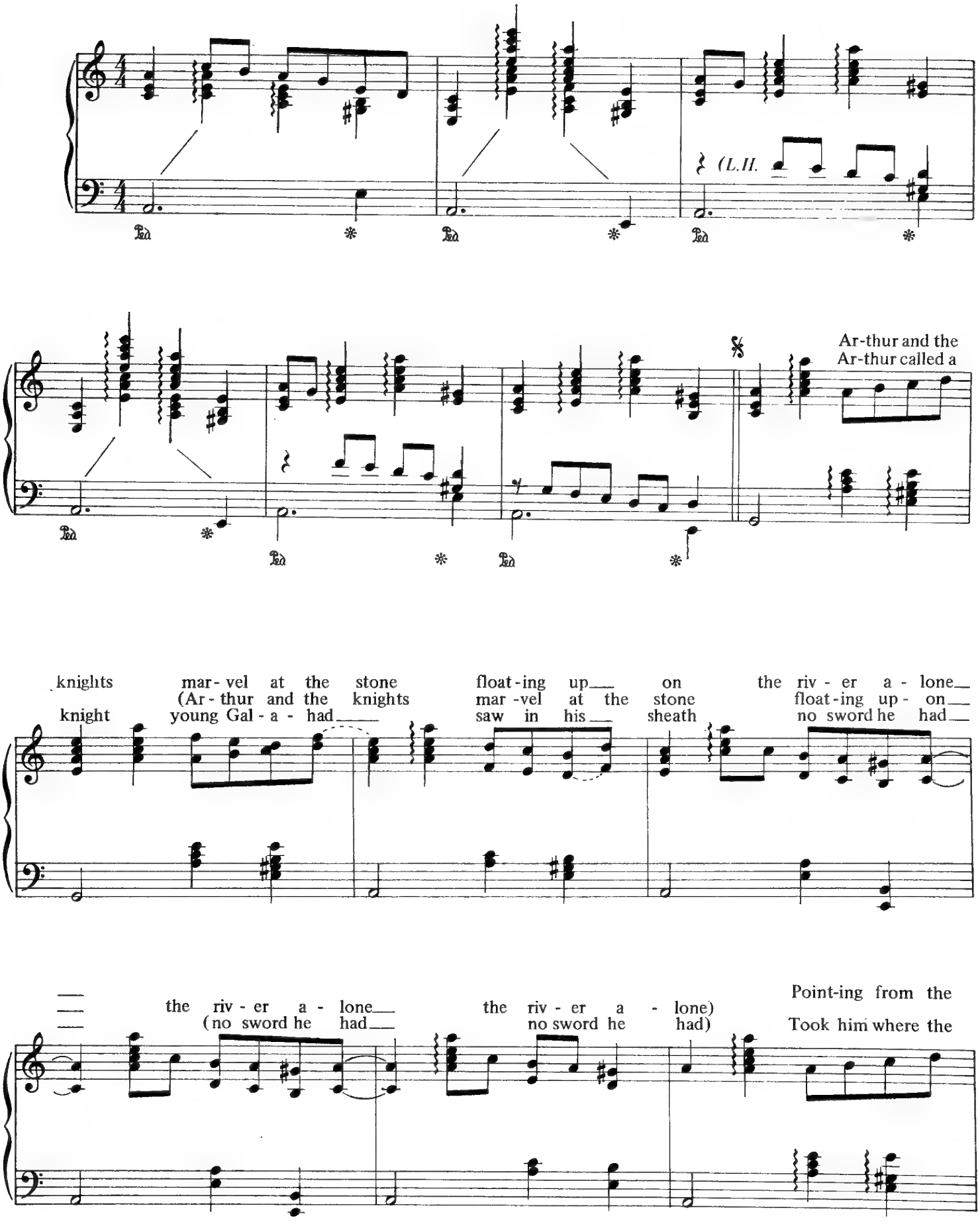

Tak - en from the cas - tle
Ar - thur's court he bade him
feast
come
To an ab - bey in the
Gal - a - had his bas - tard
East
son
Three knights stood in
Bat - tles soon for
pride as one
him to fight


To Coda
Lan - ce - lot be - held his
son
D. S. al Coda
CODA
Blessed his youth - ful son a
Slower
♩ = 89
knight
p
attacca
+ 8 basso

# His Sword

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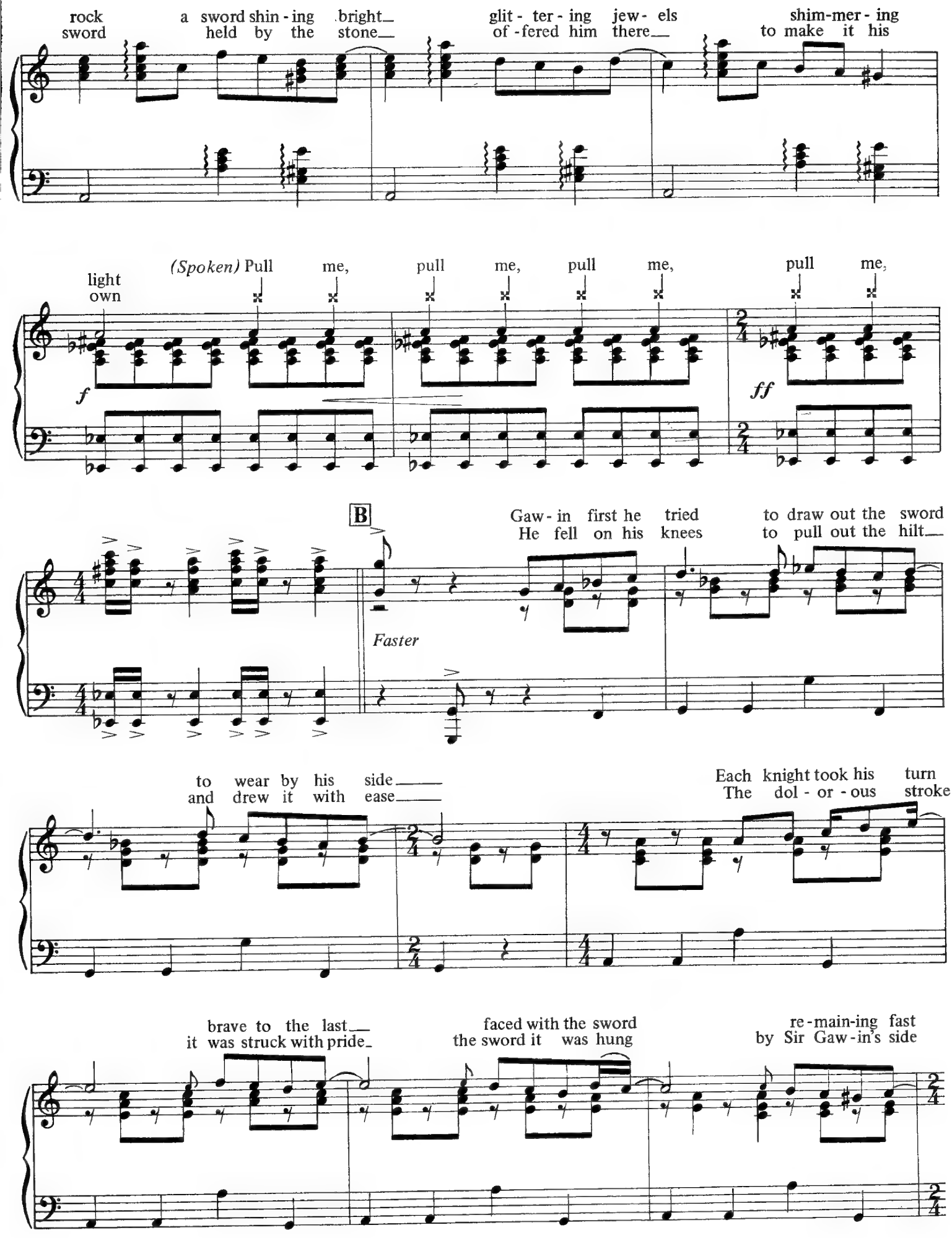
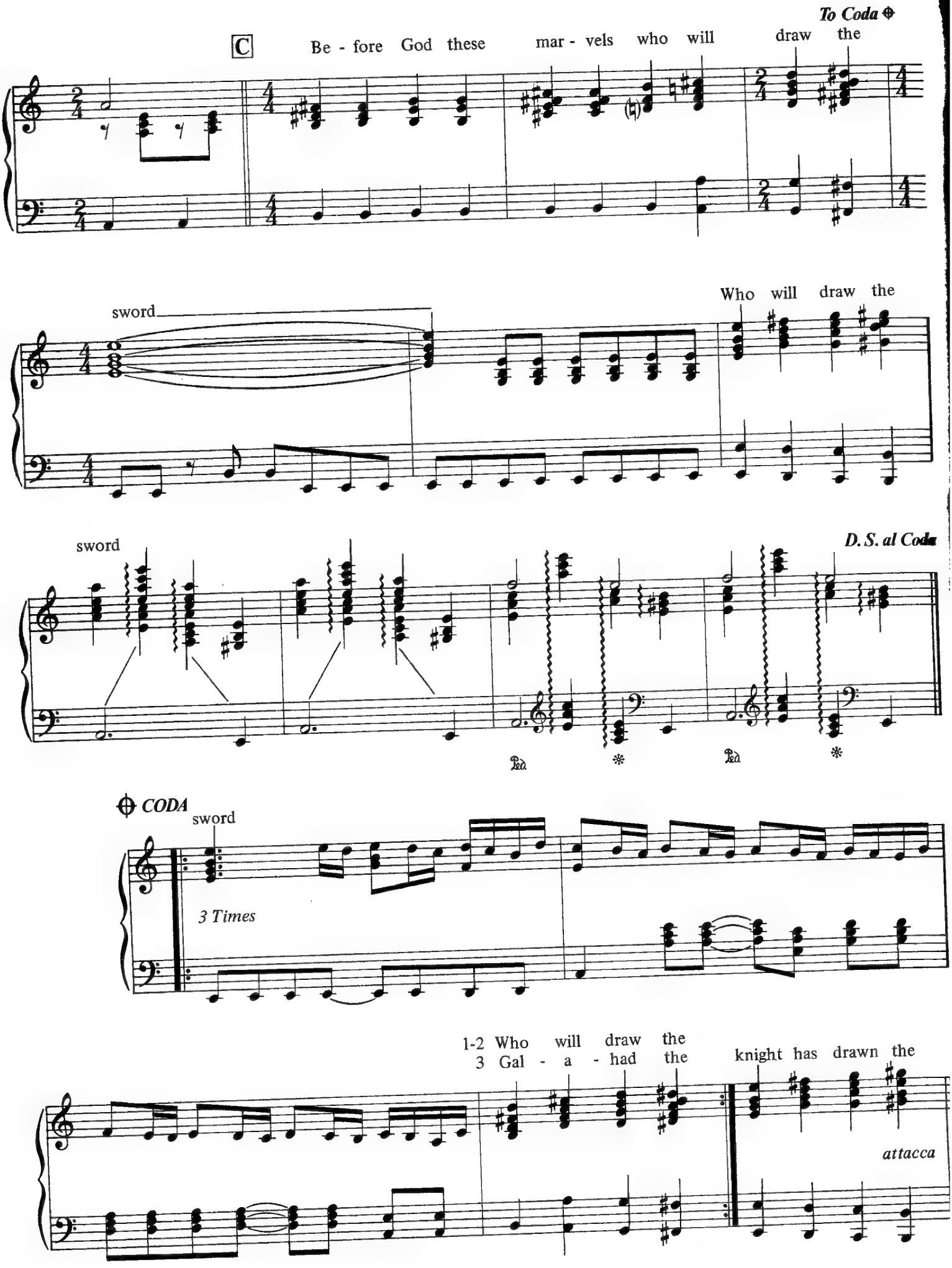
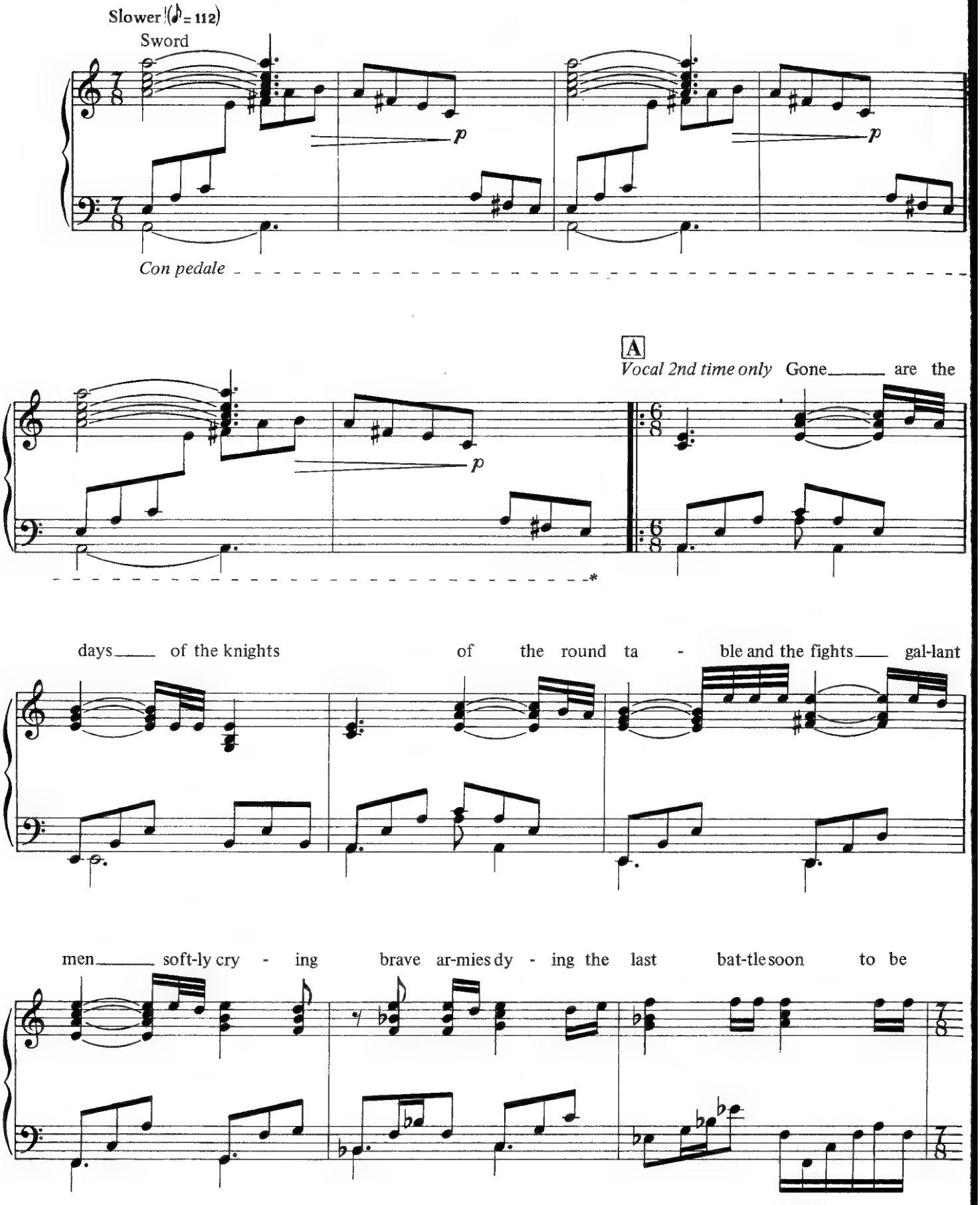

rock a sword shin - ing bright
sword held by the stone
glit - ter - ing jew - els
of - fered him there
shim-mer - ing
to make it his
light
own
(Spoken) Pull me, pull me, pull me, pull me,
f
ff
B
Gaw - in first he tried to draw out the sword
He fell on his knees to pull out the hilt
Faster
to wear by his side
and drew it with ease
Each knight took his turn
The dol - or - ous stroke
brave to the last
it was struck with pride
faced with the sword
the sword it was hung
re - main-ing fast
by Sir Gaw - in's side


To Coda
C
Be - fore God these mar - vels who will draw the
sword
Who will draw the
sword
D. S. al Coda
Ped
Ped
CODA
sword
3 Times
1-2 Who will draw the
3 Gal - a - had the
knight has drawn the
attacca

# THE LAST BATTLE

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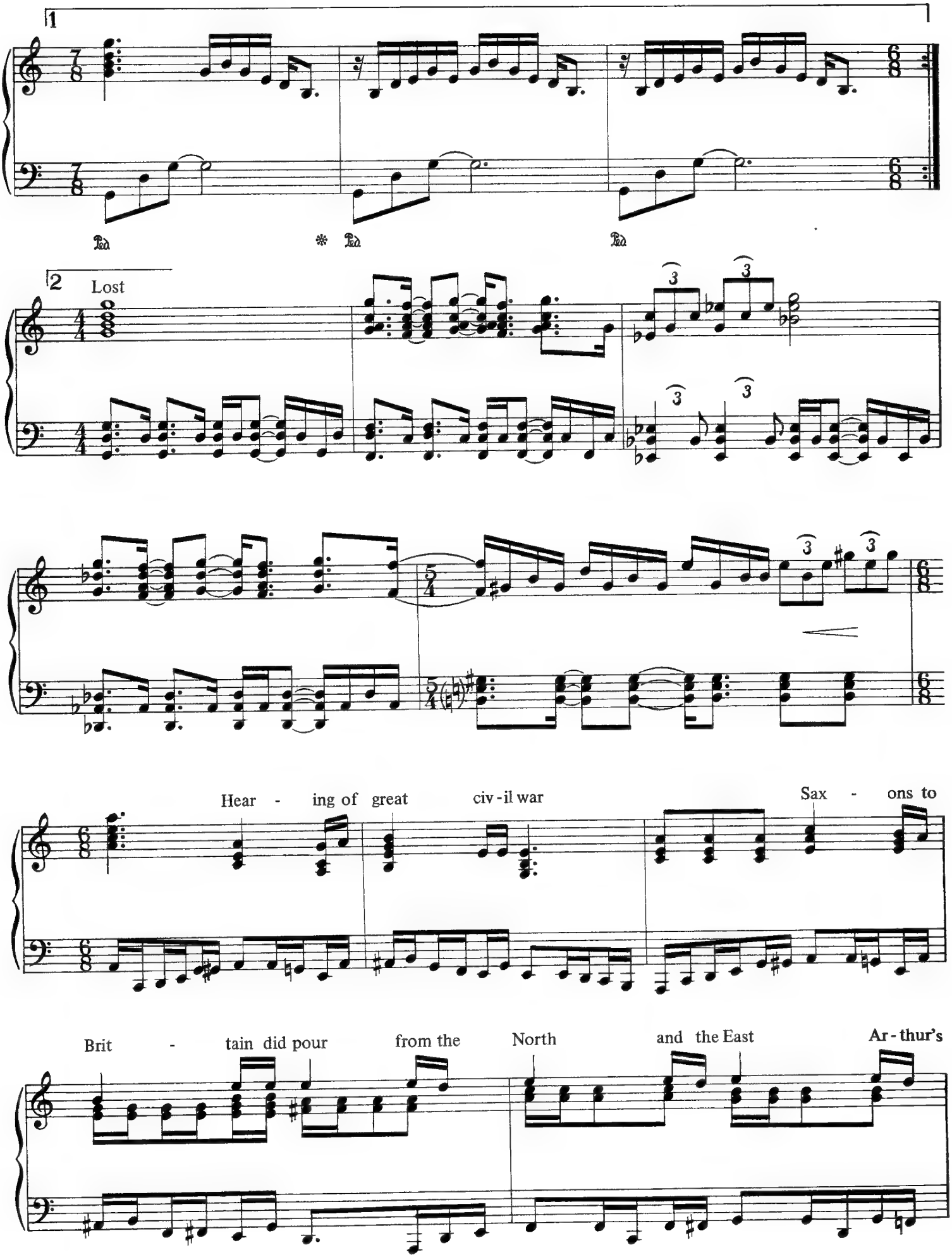
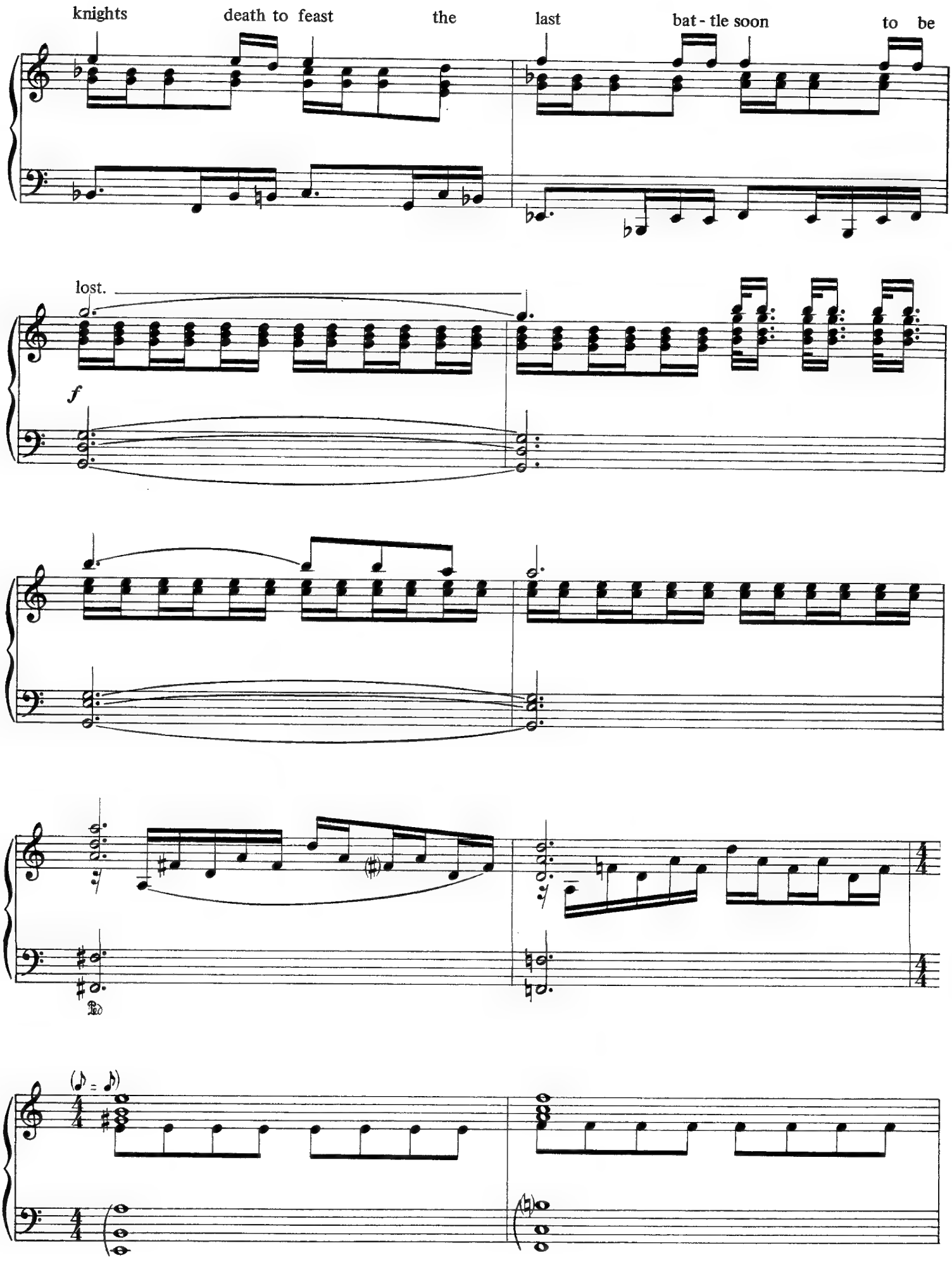
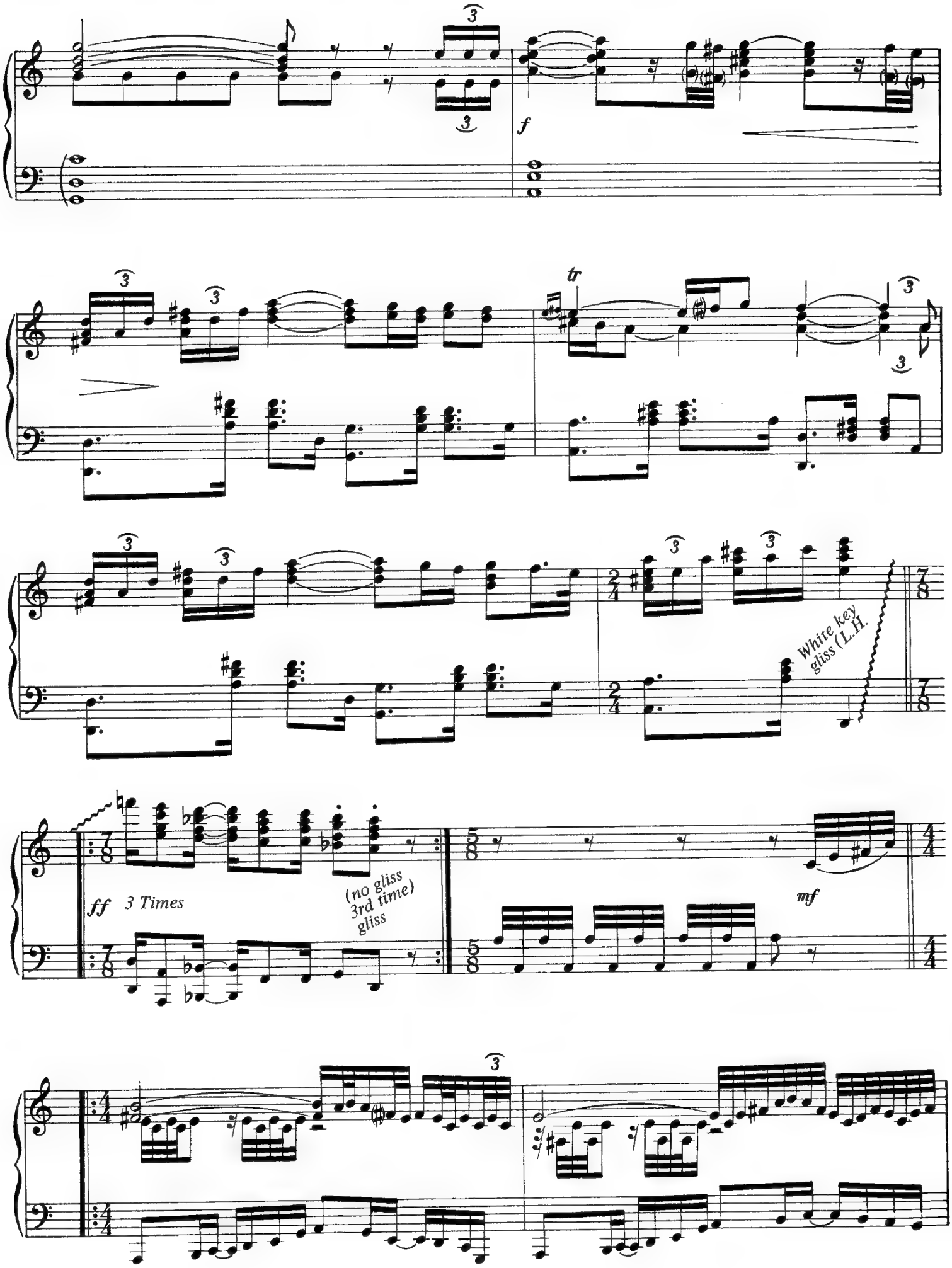
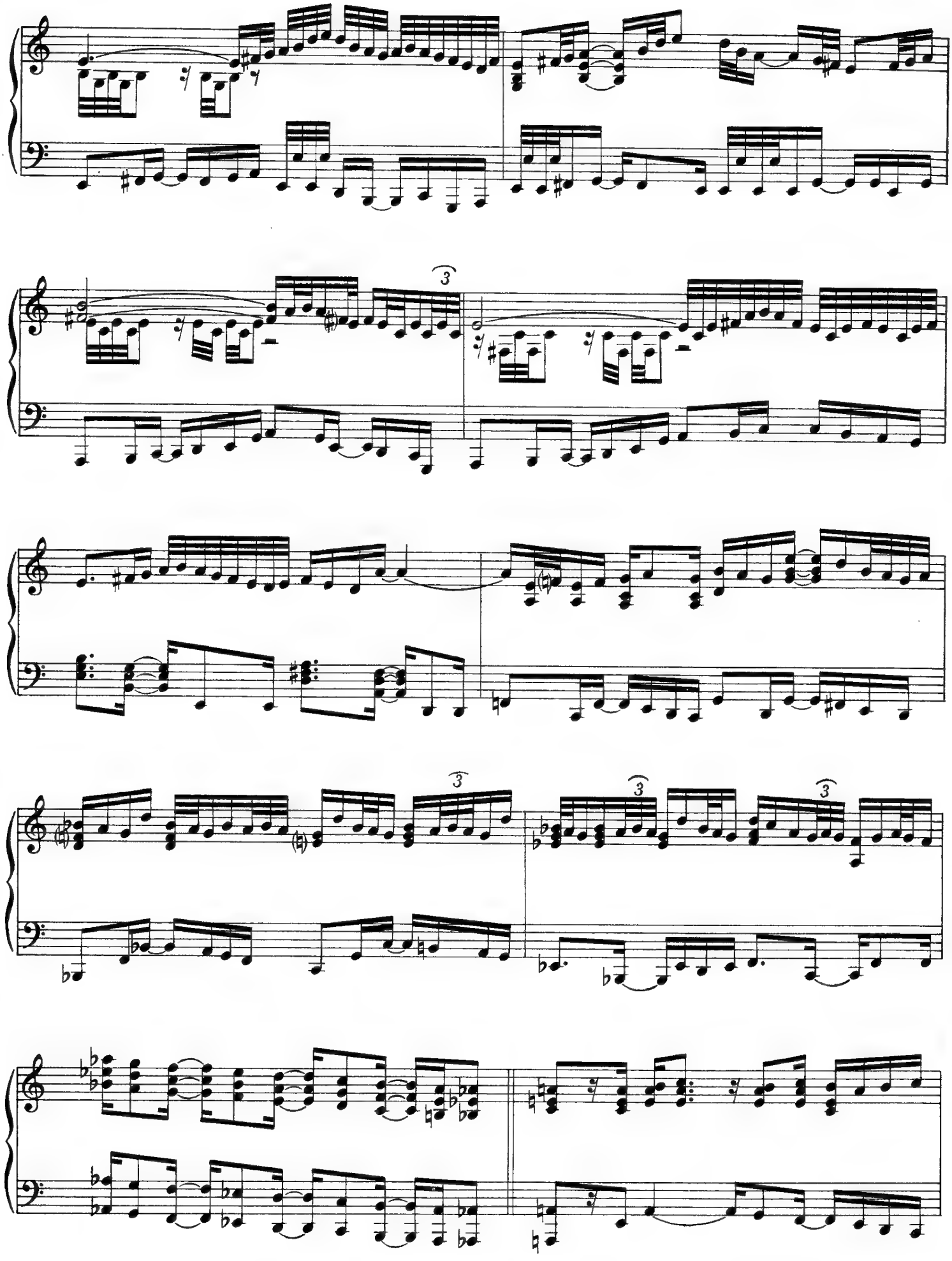
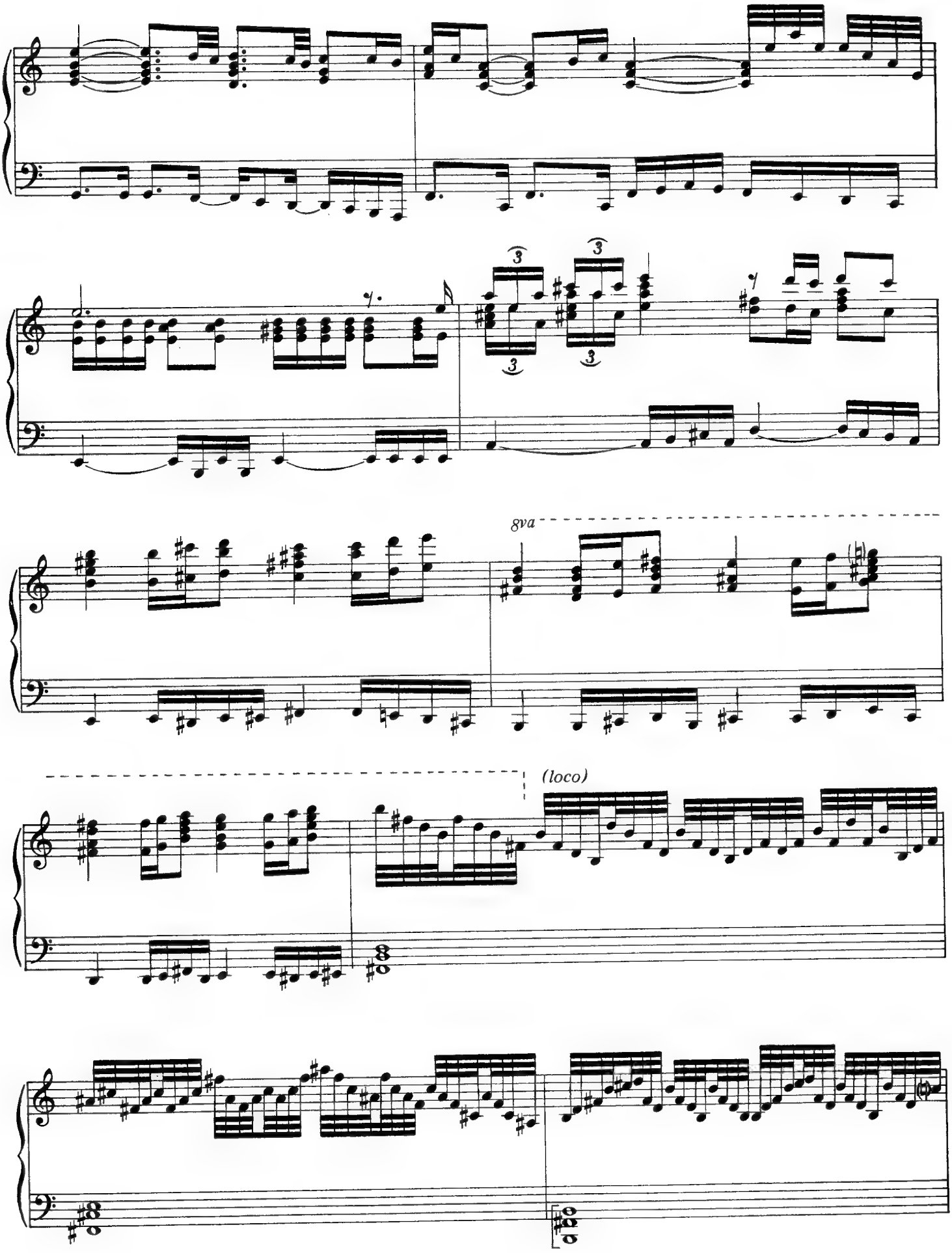
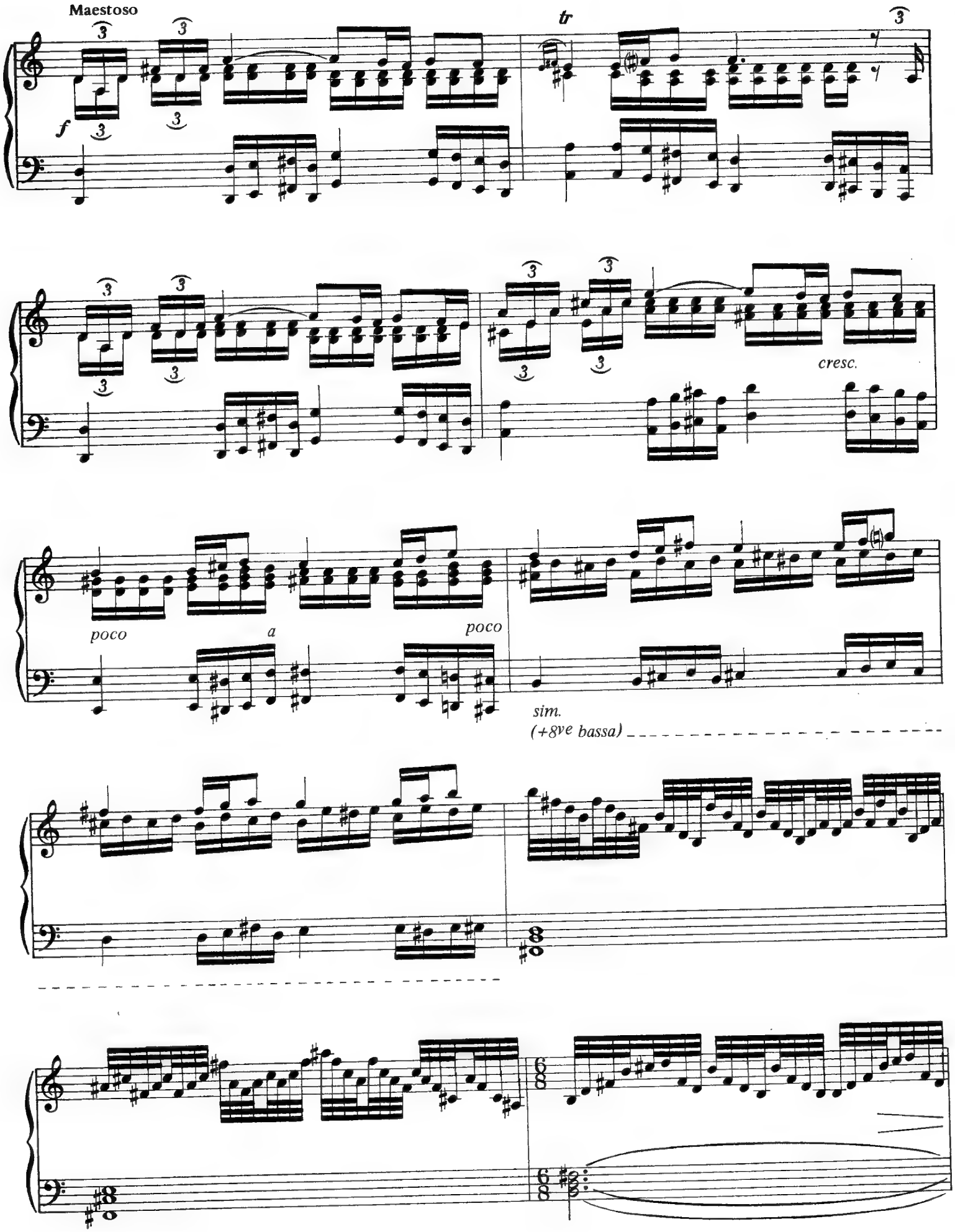

1
2
Lost
Hear - ing of great civ-il war
Sax - ons to
Brit - tain did pour from the North and the East
Ar-thur's

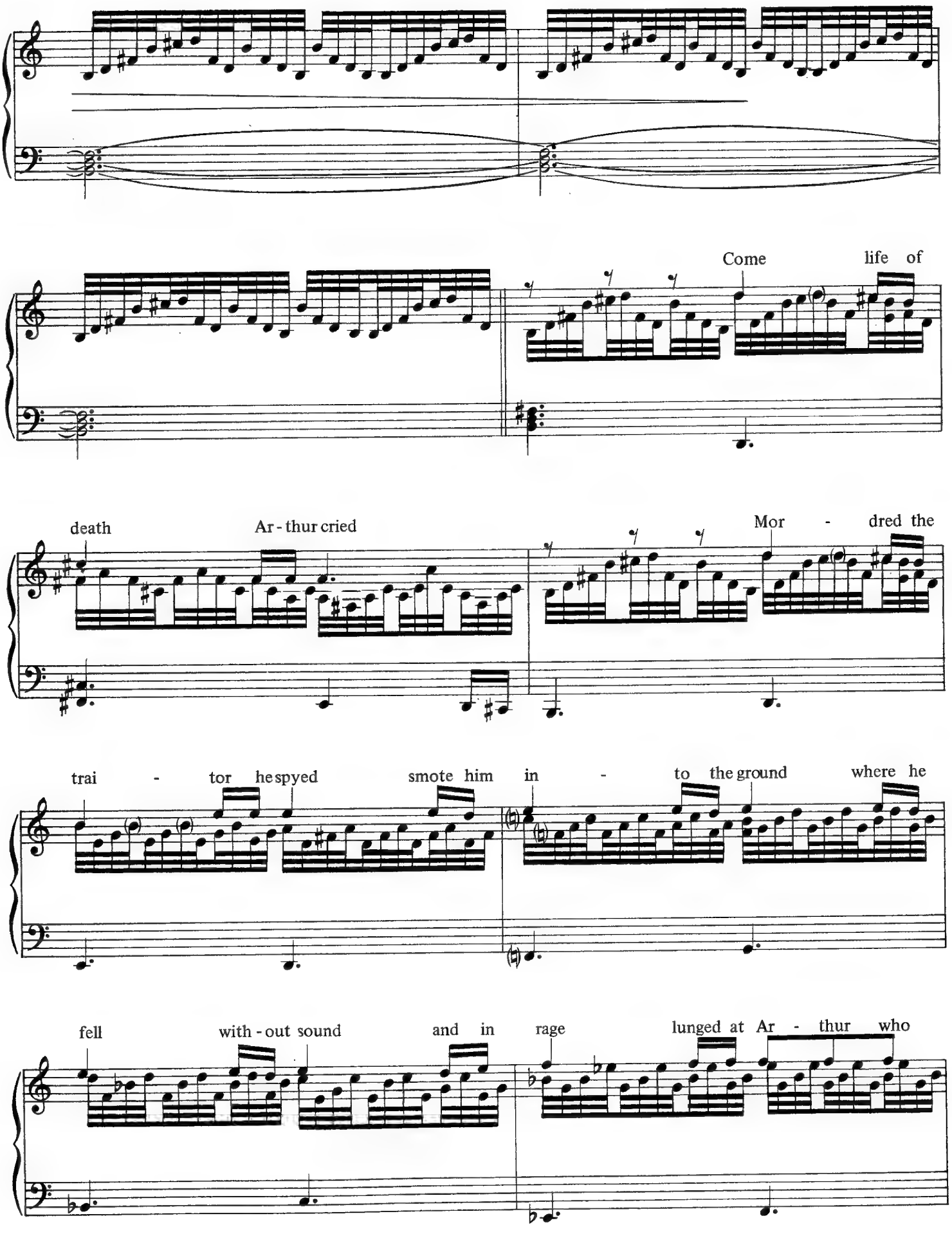

knights
death to feast
the
last
bat - tle soon
to be
lost.
f


f
tr
White key gliss (L.H.
ff 3 Times
(no gliss 3rd time) gliss
mf

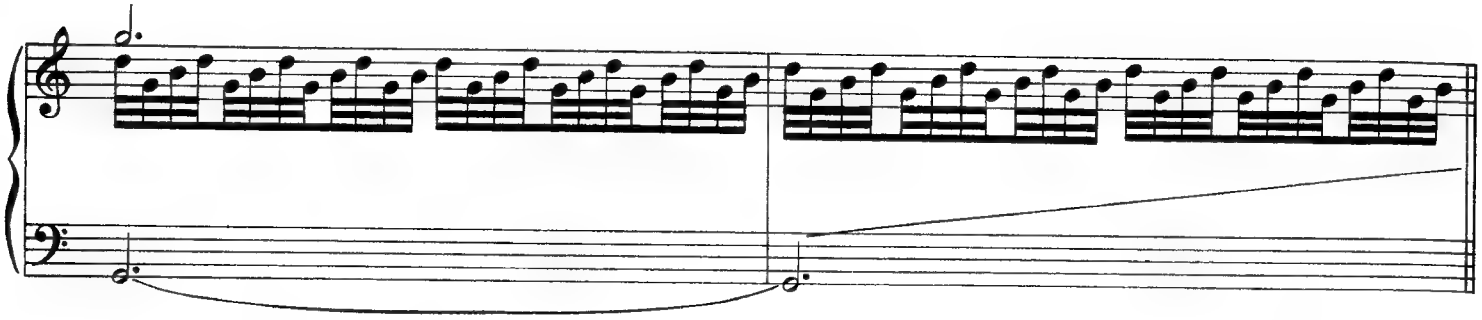



8va
(loco)

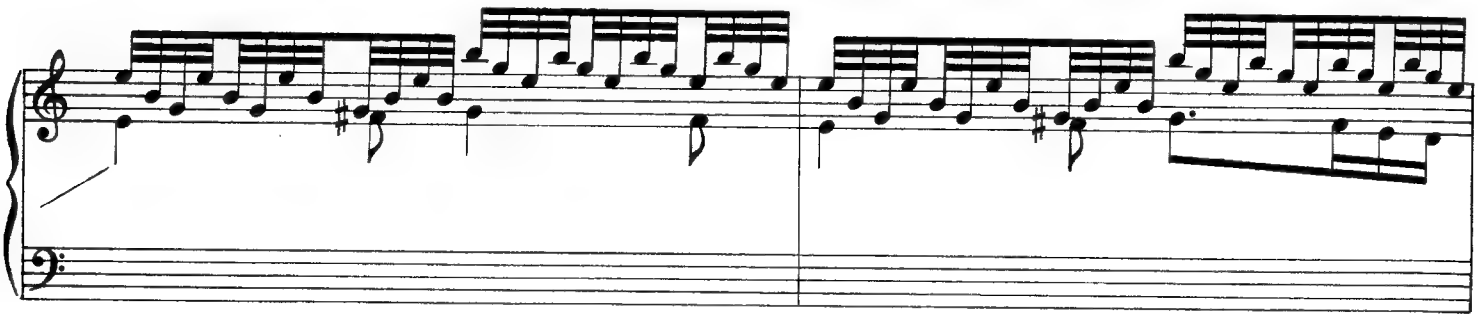

Maestoso
f
tr
cresc.
poco
a
poco
sim.
(+8ve bassa)


Come
life of
death
Ar - thur cried
Mor - dred the
trai - tor he spyed
smote him in - to the ground where he
fell
with - out sound
and in rage
lunged at Ar - thur who

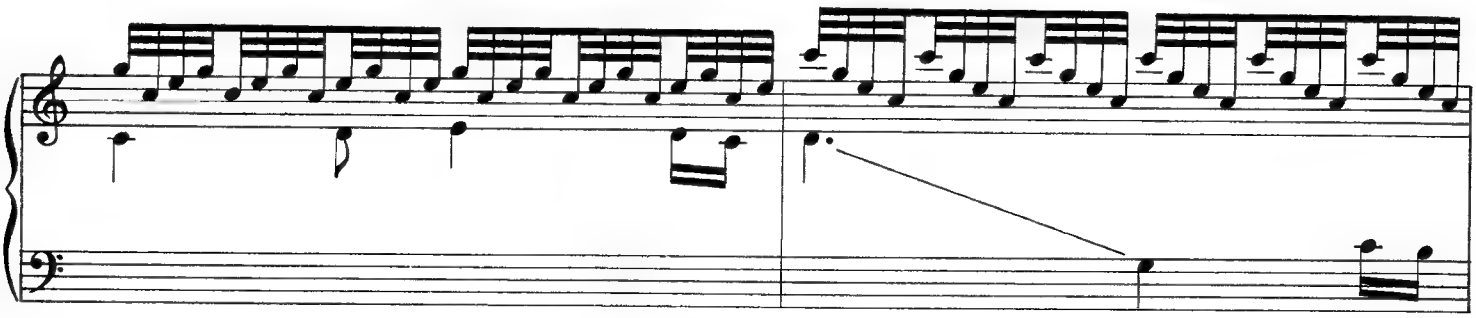
fell.



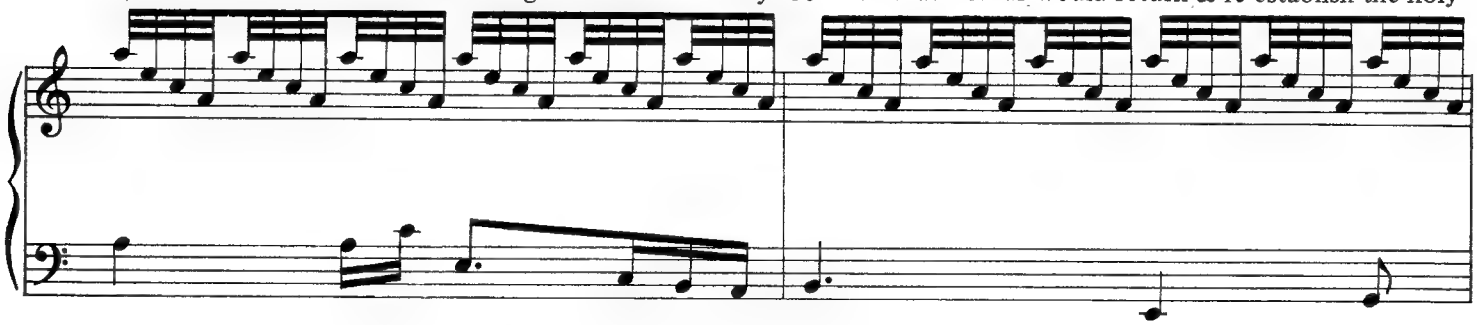
(NARRATION) Sir Hector, Sir Bors, Sir Blamour and Sir Bleoboris the only surviving knights of



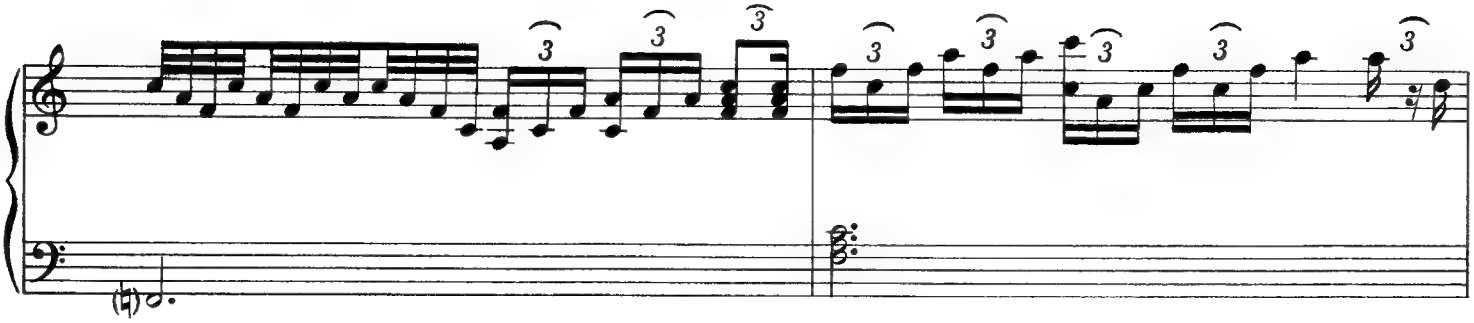
the round table ended their days after a pilgrim - age to the Holyland; soon after, the Saxons conquered

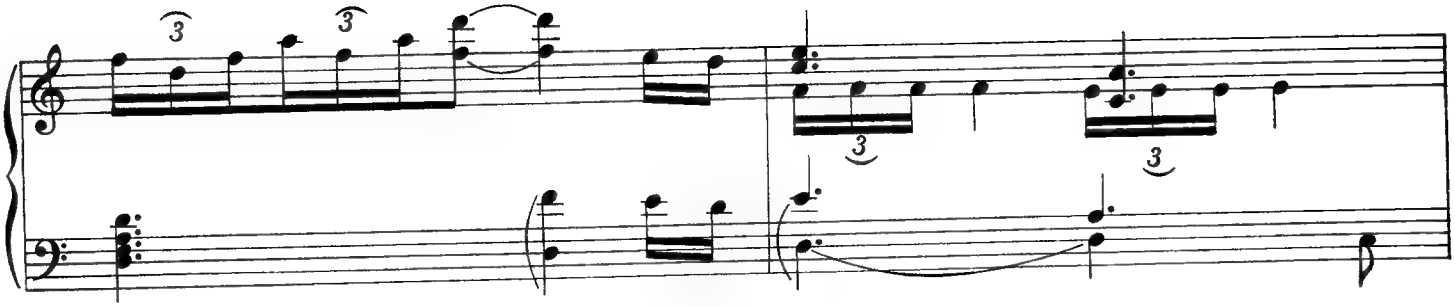


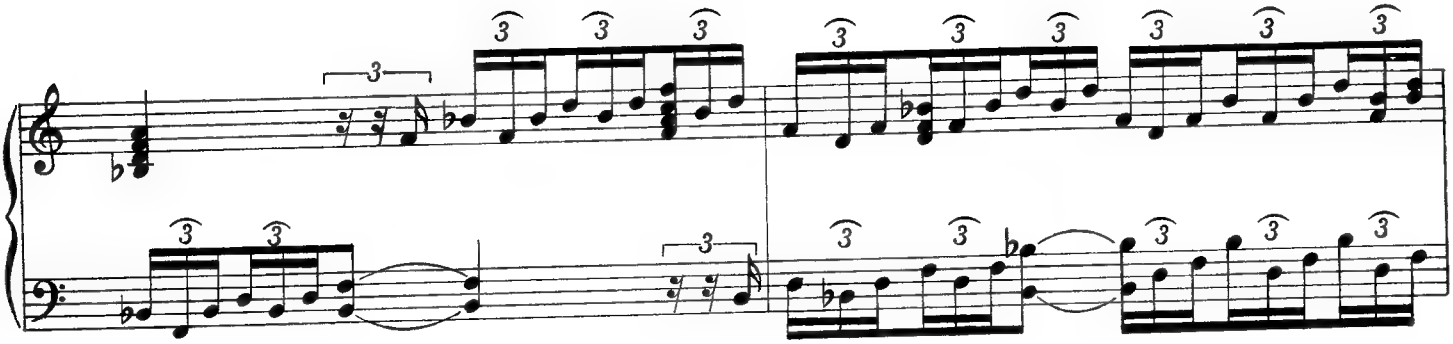
all of Britain and the realm of Logres was over. Many believed that Arthur would return & re-establish the holy



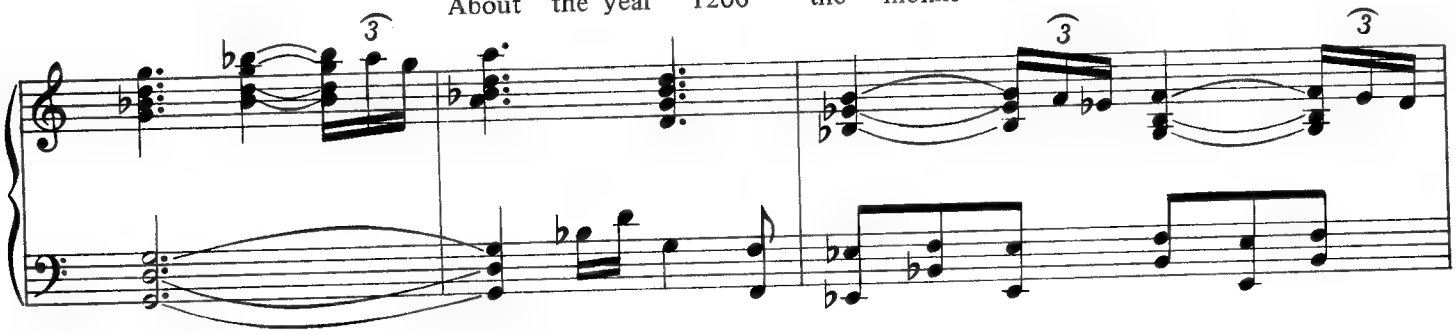
realm of Logres and save Britain in the hour of it's deadliest danger.



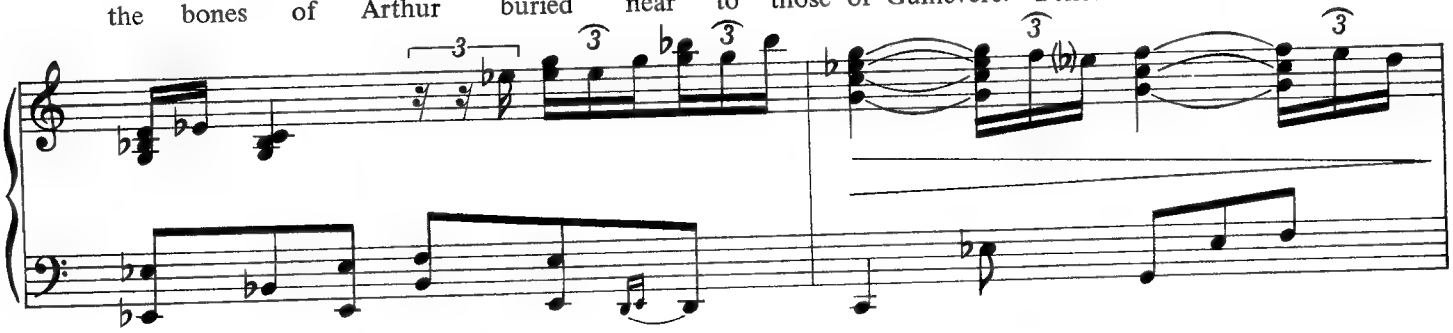




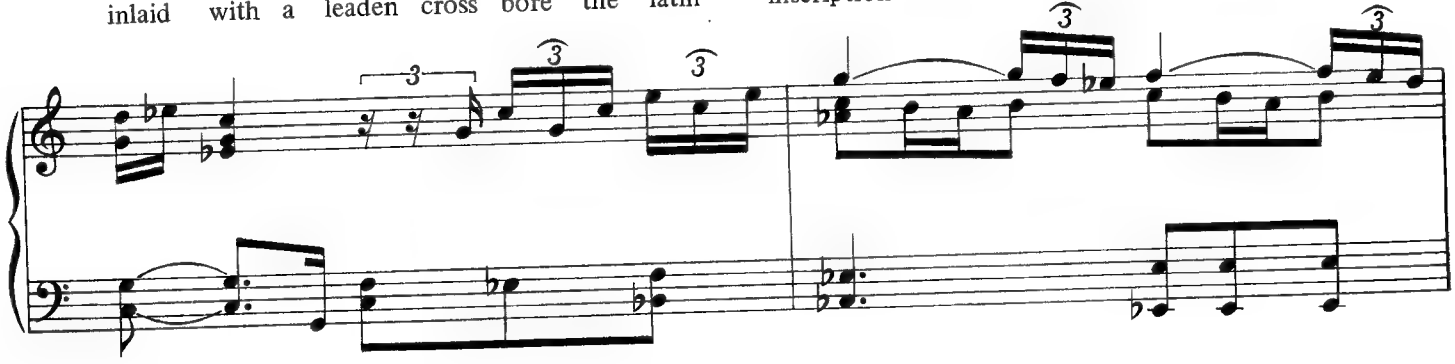
About the year 1200 the monks of Glastonbury discovered

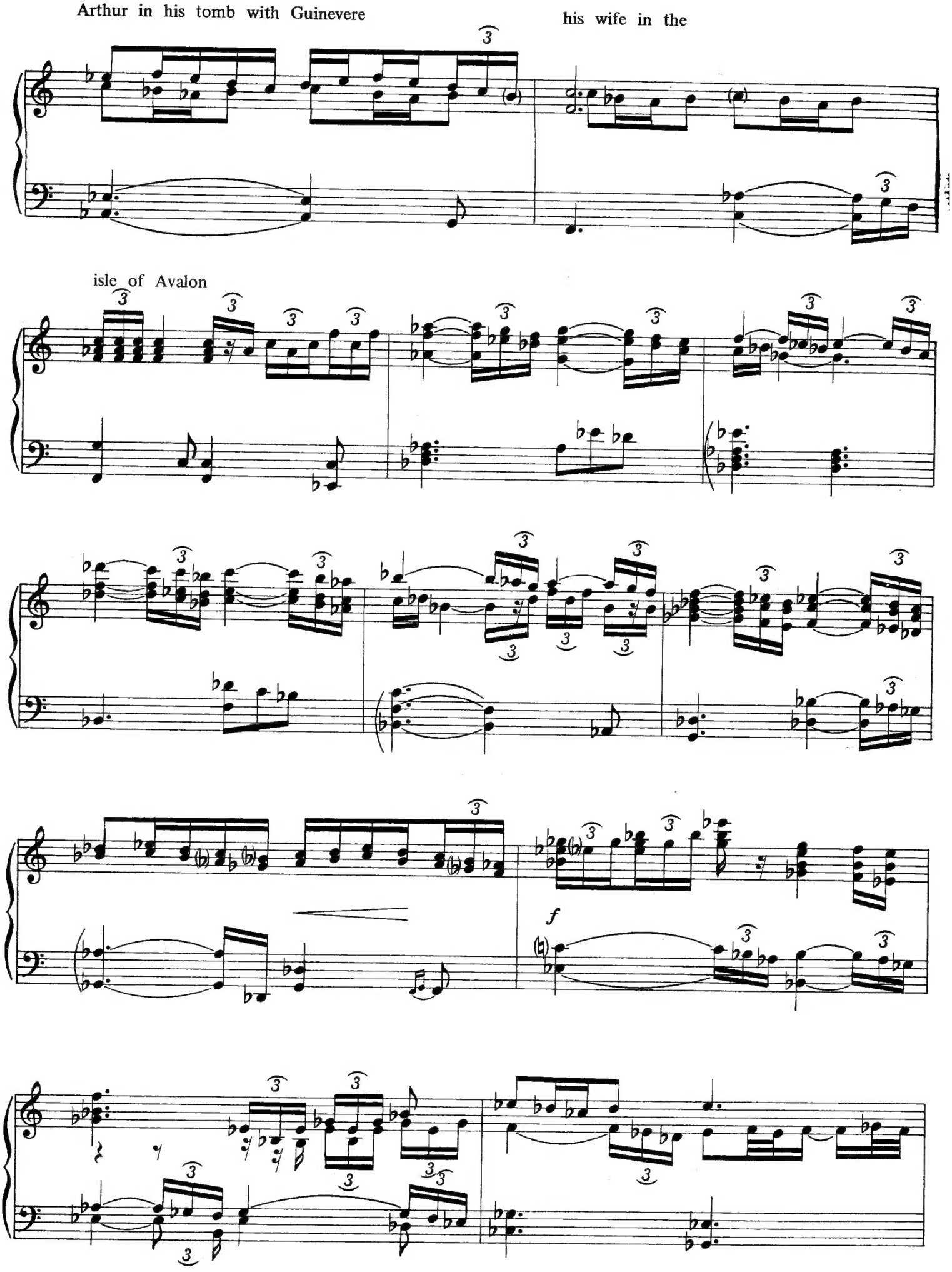


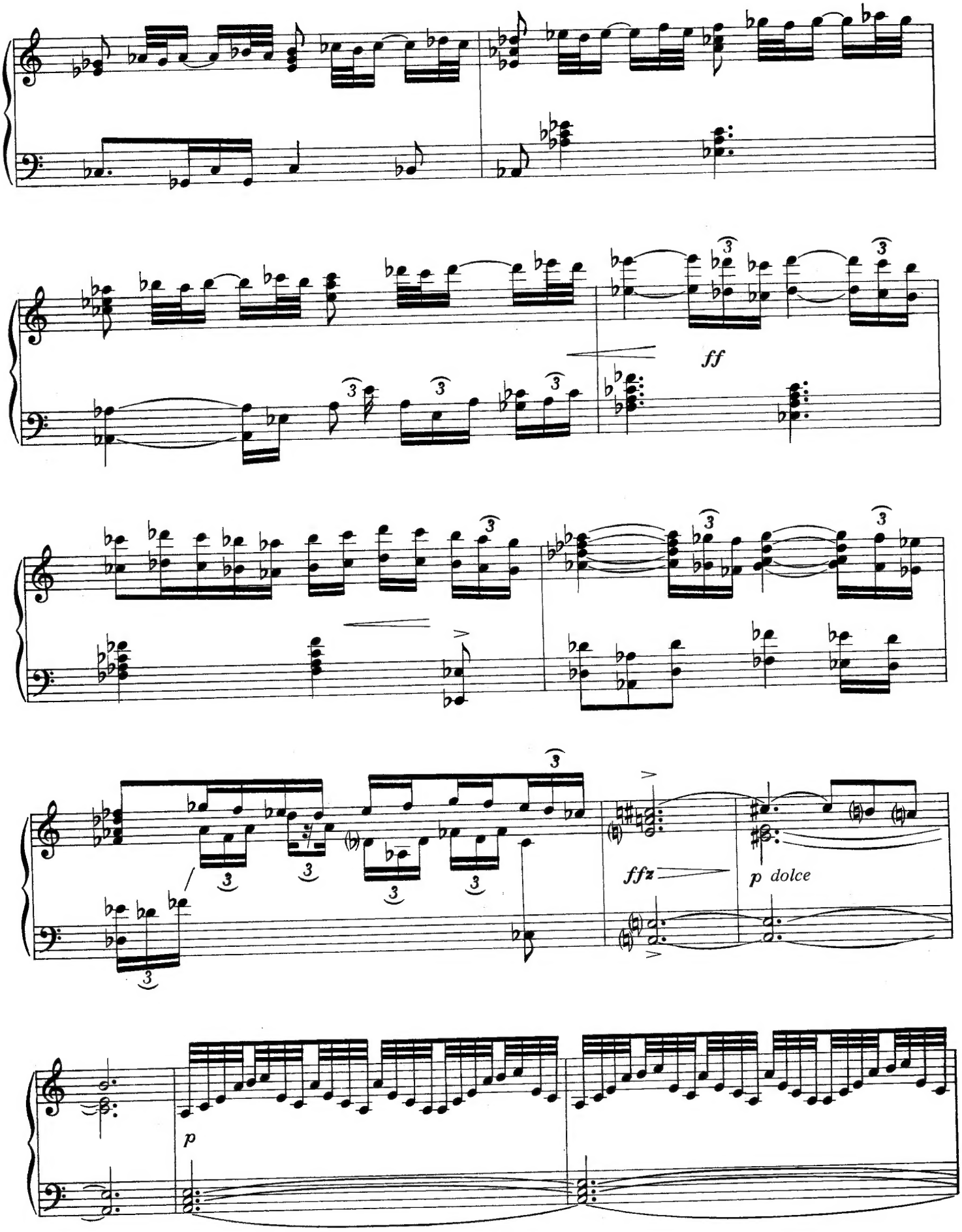
the bones of Arthur buried near to those of Guinevere. Beneath the coffin a stone

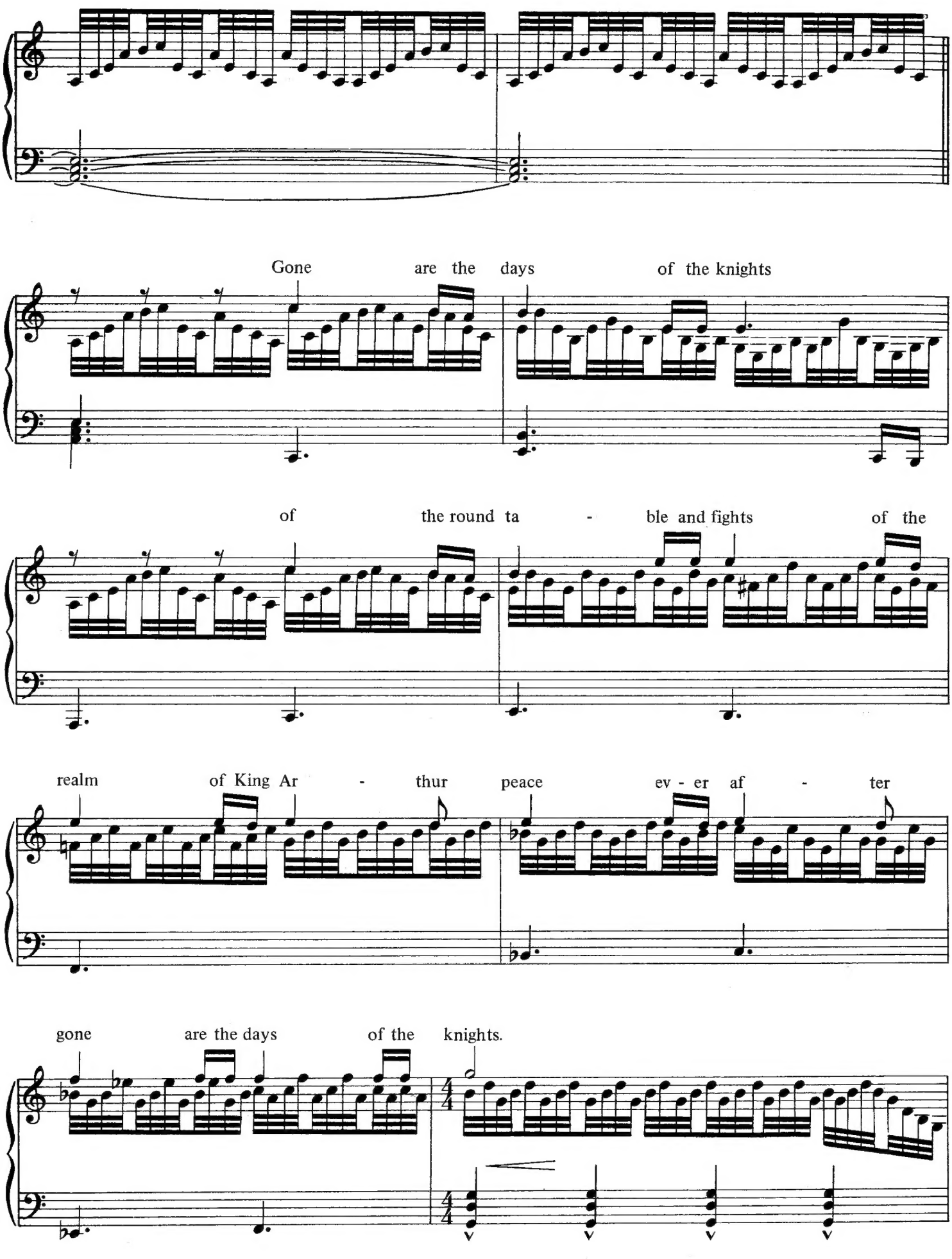


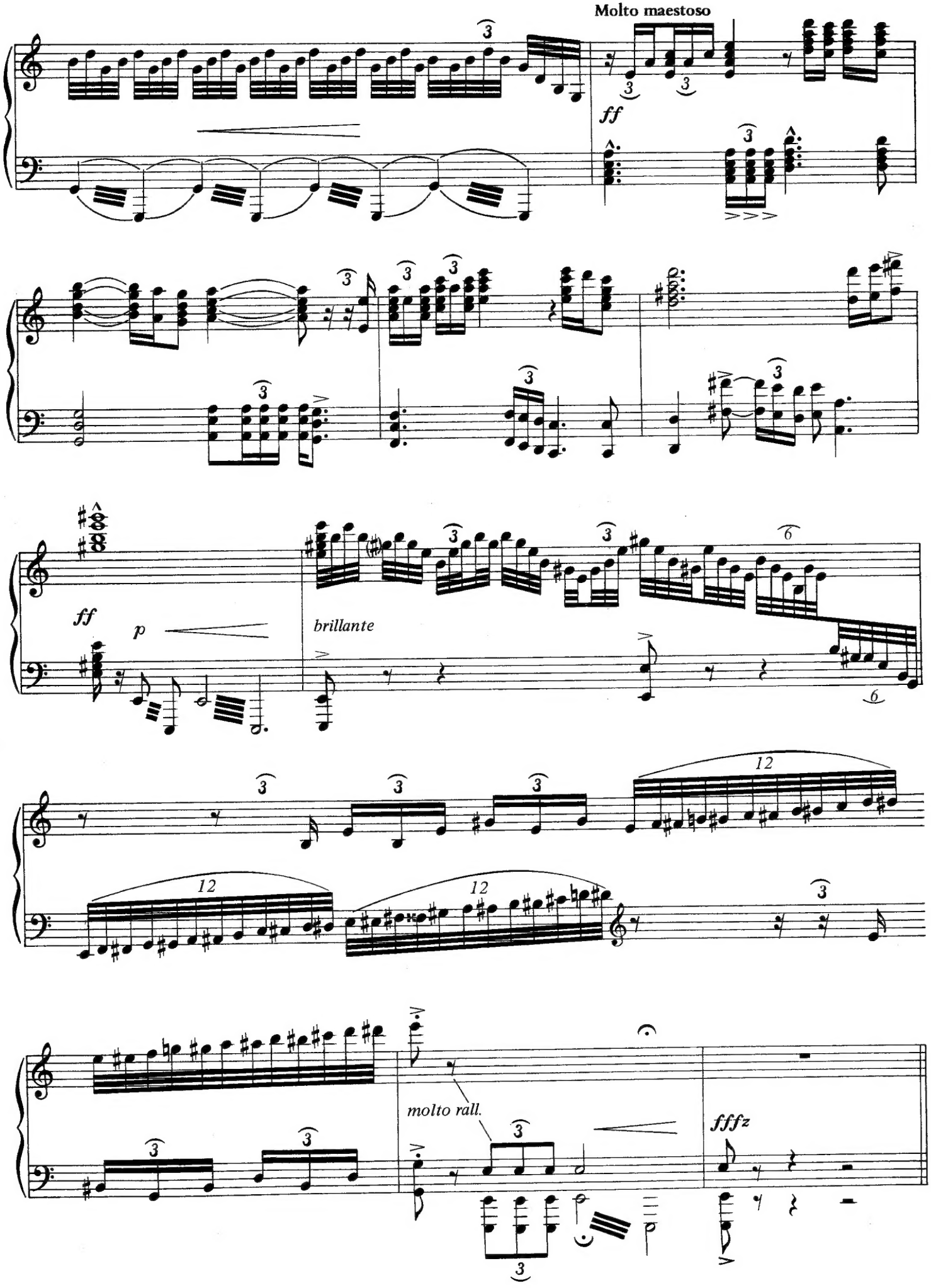
inlaid with a leaden cross bore the latin inscription "Here lies King




Arthur in his tomb with Guinevere
his wife in the
isle of Avalon
f


ff
ffz
p dolce
p


Gone are the days of the knights
of the round ta - ble and fights of the
realm of King Ar - thur peace ev - er af - ter
gone are the days of the knights.


Molto maestoso
ff
ff
p
brillante
molto rall.
fffz